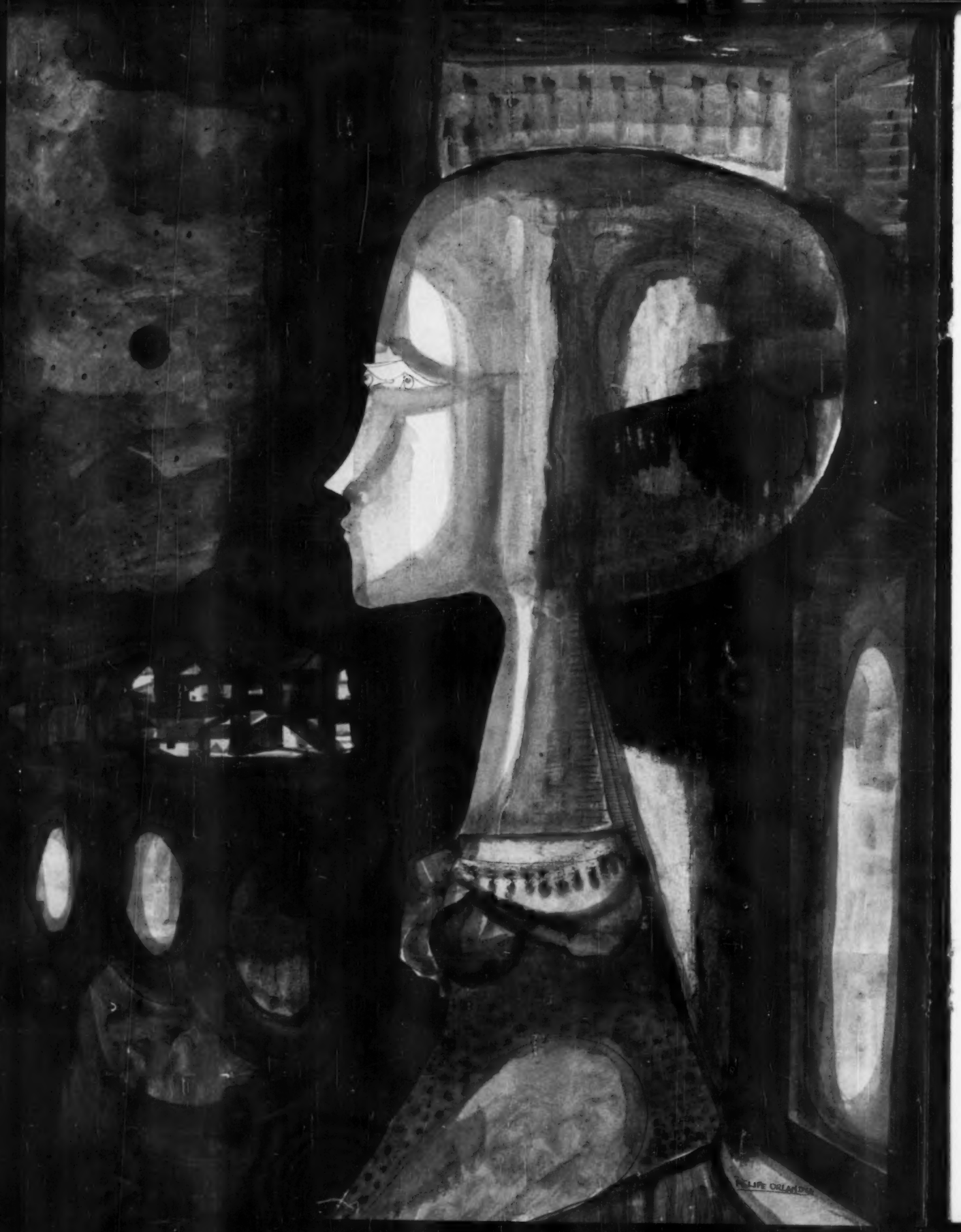


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Ecuadorian guante player (see page 19). Photograph by
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Dear Reader

As this issue goes to press, representatives from the sixteen coffee-producing nations of the Western Hemisphere, from Europe, Asia, and Africa, and from several consumer countries are gathered in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to consider the establishment of an International Coffee Organization. Their four-pronged goal is to promote world consumption of coffee—as a means of solving the problems resulting from the lack of balance between supply and demand; to discover new uses for coffee; to improve statistical forecasts of production and consumption; to maintain a continuing evaluation of coffee markets.

The idea for the creation of an International Coffee Organization originated in a study prepared by the Pan American Union early last year for the Special Commission on Coffee of the OAS Inter-American Economic and Social Council. It recommended the negotiation of an agreement to establish the organization in the belief "that cooperative collective action, even though limited in scope, will help develop among participating countries mutual understanding and a sense of community which, in the long run, must surely lead to a better appreciation of the mutual interests and problems of exporting and importing countries."

The draft agreement for the establishment of the organization was prepared last May in Panama by a coordinating committee consisting of the representatives of Brazil, Colombia, El Salvador, and Nicaragua, with the help of technicians from the Pan American Union. It was suggested that the organization's activities could be financed by fixing a levy on each bag of coffee exported by the member countries.

The first item in the order of business at the meeting, which was called by the Brazilian Government and opened on January 20, is discussion and approval of the draft agreement setting up the new organization. Once approved, it will be opened to signature and ratification by the governments. After the organization is established, it is expected to provide for the affiliation of consuming countries.

The importance of coffee to the economy of Western Hemisphere nations is obvious from the fact that the sixteen coffee-producing American countries account for 76 per cent by volume and an even larger percentage by value of the more than two-billion-dollar annual world trade in that commodity.

THE EDITORS.

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

BRAZIL TODAY

A bold plan for industrial development is revitalizing the Brazilian economy, despite persistent inflation, unstable prices for coffee and other exports, and the need to curtail other imports to pay for necessary oil and wheat. These are the main facts that emerge from the Survey of the Brazilian Economy, 1957, recently issued by the Brazilian Embassy in Washington.

The Brazilian gross national product—the total value of goods and services produced in the country, adjusted to 1950 prices—climbed from 161,500,000,000 cruzeiros (6,485,000,000 dollars) in 1939 to 336,000,000,000 cruzeiros (13,500,000,000 dollars) in 1956. This volume of output ranks Brazil ninth among the non-Communist countries, after the United States, the United Kingdom, France, West Germany, India, Canada, Japan, and Italy. With the population increasing about 2.5 per cent a year, per capita income rose by about 3.2 per cent annually, but leveled off in 1956. Still, it is only about \$250. At the current rate of growth, by 1967 Brazil will have seventy-six million inhabitants and a per capita income of \$400.

The report emphasizes the opportunities this market offers for large-scale production of practically all kinds of consumer goods and many producer goods. Local industry is now offering the kinds of durable products—household appliances and the like—that serve as incentives for farmers to increase their output enough to buy them.

Since 1948 the oldest industries, food processing and textiles, have showed the least change, while rubber-goods production multiplied three times, cement four, and iron-and-steel six. Especially active is the new automotive industry. Ten manufacturers, including Ford, General Motors, Willys, Mercedes Benz, and Rover, are already producing trucks, jeeps, and some passenger cars. Many local companies are making parts. By 1960 the vehicles are to be made 90 per cent by weight of Brazilian mate-

rials. Such new plants will of course strain the capacity of the steel industry.

In 1956 Brazil produced 1,364,841 tons of steel ingots and may have reached 1,600,000 last year. Two large new plants are already being built, and the government's goal is an output of 2,500,000 tons in 1961 and 4,000,000 in 1965.

In agriculture, food crops for domestic consumption have increased faster than the population, while production of coffee, cotton, and cacao for export has remained about the same or fallen off. Potatoes and corn have gained, and wheat is booming. With the 1957 crop expected to reach 1,600,000 tons, self-sufficiency in this item is at last in sight.

Transportation has been a major bottleneck. It is estimated that about one third of agricultural production is lost for lack of storage and transportation, and the Volta Redonda steel mill, for example, has been forced to operate below capacity because of the railroad's inability to supply enough coal and ore. The development plan puts great stress on highway construction and on consolidating and re-equipping the railways.

Another limiting factor has been the fuel shortage. Petroleum supplied half of all the energy used in Brazil in 1956, and 10,000,000 tons had to be imported. Oil refining within Brazil has risen from 95,000 barrels a day in 1955 to 130,000, and should reach 330,000 by 1960. Whether significant reserves of oil will someday be discovered in Brazil, as is fondly hoped, remains to be seen.

After explaining the plans for additional electric power production, the survey turns to the problem of inflation. It points out that the kind Brazil has been suffering from differs from inflation as known in highly developed countries. In the latter, it comes after full employment of the factors of production is reached, but in underdeveloped countries it can accompany "disguised unemployment." Because of unbalanced development, bottlenecks impede the economy as a whole and prevent full use of existing equipment. Rising prices must be fought, then, not by reducing investment but by redirecting it to remove the bottlenecks, which is a goal of the government's development plan.



ONE MAN'S POISON

Curare takes its place in medicine

Two of many curare-yielding plants: Strychnos toxifera and Strychnos Crevauxii or guianensis

RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

EARLY EXPLORERS OF SOUTH AMERICA brought back tales of poisoned arrows so lethal that a mere scratch from them meant certain death. The poison, discovered centuries ago by Amazonian Indians, whose descendants still use it for hunting birds and small mammals with blow-gun darts, was known as curare—a term covering an assortment of preparations. Today you may have this same substance—in a purified, standardized form—to thank for your prompt recovery from your next operation, or for help in a variety of afflictions.

The earliest book on America, Peter Martyr's *De Orbo Novo* (Of the New World, published in 1516), contains numerous references to arrow poison, presumably curare. Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced tobacco to Europe, is

RAYMOND SCHUESSLER, who hails from Buffalo, New York, abandoned a career in professional baseball to become a free-lance writer. His articles have appeared in *Science Digest*, *Today's Health*, *Coronet*, *American Heritage*, and other leading U.S. magazines.

also commonly credited with bringing back the first specimen of curare, in 1595, although some scholars question this. The substance aroused considerable interest among contemporary men of science, but they had little of it to work with and were unable to learn much about its composition or its action.

Not until the nineteenth century was anything of importance known about curare. The difficulties facing investigators were not primarily scientific. Both the drug and the raw material were simply unavailable. Most of the South American Indians who were using it did not know what it was themselves. The ingredients and the method of preparation were closely guarded secrets surrounded by taboos and mystic ritual. Hundreds of years went by before an outsider was permitted to watch a batch of the black, pungent syrup being brewed. By 1812, however, Sir Benjamin Brodie and others showed that curare relaxed or paralyzed muscles, and that it killed by stopping the victim's breathing. Shortly thereafter, bota-

nists began to identify and classify various curare-yielding plants.

The great French physiologist Claude Bernard demonstrated that the drug acted at the junction between nerve and muscle, in the microscopic areas known as the motor end plates, and by some unknown process temporarily interrupted nerve-muscle impulses. Bernard's findings were revealed in various papers in the 1850's and confirmed by later investigators. Through their work, the potential value of curare in medicine became evident.

Largely because of the short supply, however, another seventy-five years went by before notable progress was made. In 1935, Dr. Harold King of the National Institute for Medical Research in London obtained a specimen of curare that had been in the British Museum's collection for many years. From it, he succeeded in isolating the active chemical ingredient, a crystalline substance that he named d-tubocurarine chloride. The botanical origin of the specimen was unknown, but certain evidence suggested that it had been obtained from some

drug and a biological assay used to adjust each production run to a standard strength, so that physicians and anesthetists could gauge the expected response to a given dosage. Several pharmaceutical houses now have standardized curare extracts on the market under different trade names. Meanwhile, Doctors Oskar Wintersteiner and James P. Dutcher isolated the active principle from syrup derived from the single plant species *Chondodendron tomentosum* and found it identical with the substance obtained by Dr. King in London in 1935.

Research also went on in other countries. Indeed, one of the contributions cited in the award of the 1957 Nobel Prize for Physiology and Medicine to Dr. Daniel Bovet, Swiss-born pharmacologist of the Italian Health Institute in Rome, was his work in making curare safe for medical use. He was also a leader in the development of anti-histamines.

So far, the chief use of curare in medicine has been as an aid in surgery. Until recent years, one of the main surgical hazards was the frequent ill effect of deep anesthesia: it often causes post-operative complications, nausea, shock, depression, or heart strain, which can seriously delay convalescence even if no significant harm is done. Therefore, surgeons have always preferred to avoid it. Unfortunately, it used to be necessary for one simple reason: under lighter anesthesia, the patient, although unconscious, remained tense, so that, for example, surgeons could scarcely get through the rigid muscles into the abdominal cavity.

Now, to relax muscles, curare and related drugs are often injected immediately after the patient loses consciousness. The patient sleeps peacefully but lightly while his relaxed body permits the surgeon to make an incision of minimum size and manipulate muscles without resistance. It should be remembered, however, that depression or arrest of breathing is an ever-present hazard in the use of curare and curare-like drugs. Curare is some-

Dipping Indian arrows into crude curare syrup that now yields valuable drug for medicine



Ecuadorean Jibaro chief Taisha and son Segundo demonstrate technique of hunting with blowguns and curare-treated arrows

member of the plant genus *Chondodendron*. (Some plants of *Strychnos* and other genera also yield curare.)

Meanwhile, Richard C. Gill, a U.S. citizen who had been living on a ranch at the edge of the Ecuadorean jungle and studying the local Indians, became interested in the search for curare while temporarily paralyzed as the result of a riding accident. Doctors mentioned that curare might help in such cases, if enough were available so that it could be standardized and a safe dosage established. In 1938, after his recovery, he led an expedition into the Ecuadorean Amazon country specifically to gather medicinal plants. He learned from tribal medicine men how to boil up the ingredients to make curare, and brought back a supply of the syrup and of dried plants.

The biochemist H. A. Holaday was chiefly responsible for the development of the first commercial curare extract released to the medical profession in the United States. He worked out a method for purifying the crude





Doctors James P. Dutcher and Oskar Wintersteiner are two of many research men who have perfected curare for surgical use

times given in conjunction with ether or cyclopropane, or it may be used with nitrous oxide or ethylene plus intravenous pentothal. The latter method is preferred by many anesthetists.

Curare also finds use in other situations where relaxed muscles are desired. Psychiatrists, for example, welcome its help when applying shock therapy, in which convulsive-action drugs or electricity are used to rouse schizoids and certain other mental cases from lethargy. The shock produces not only the desired effect on the brain but also a violent nervous convulsion, in which the patient thrashes about and may be injured. Curare, administered a few minutes before the shock, helps to mitigate the convulsion.

Some doctors have found curare useful in poliomyelitis cases, although it does not cure the disease or attack the virus that causes it. During the early stages of the sickness, while the body itself is building up resistance, permanent crippling can often be prevented by means of physical therapy—massaging and exercising afflicted limbs and muscles. Curare may be used to relax the spasm in the affected muscles, making it possible to manipulate them without causing unbearable pain.

Similarly, it can be used to lessen the severity of convulsions resulting from tetanus (lockjaw) or to treat certain nervous diseases that involve muscle spasm. It is also helpful in the diagnosis of myasthenia gravis, a disorder characterized by muscle weakness. The injection of a minute amount of curare aggravates the basic condition and exaggerates its symptoms, permitting accurate diagnosis of the disease. Curare can also be employed to relax muscles to facilitate insertion of instruments for examination of body cavities.

Last August the First International Symposium on

Curare and Curare-like Agents—organized by UNESCO, the University of Brazil, and the Brazilian Research Council—met in Rio de Janeiro. The more than a hundred doctors, ethnologists, and botanists who gathered there heard Professor Carlos Chagas, director of the University of Brazil's Institute of Biophysics, report on major advances in knowledge of how curare works. His research team worked on electric eels (which have very large nerve endings) and used radioactive carbon 14 to trace the chemical process in the nerve and muscle as a signal is transmitted. Normally, the signal produces a chemical called acetylcholine at the end of the nerve, and this acts in some way on the end plate in the muscle. Dr. Chagas identified a particular chemical in the end plate that acts as a receiver for the signal transmitted through the acetylcholine. But curare, it was found, attaches itself to this substance and makes it insensitive to the stimulant; thus the line of nerve communication is broken and the muscle relaxes. This was a major contribution to neurophysiology as well as to knowledge of curare.

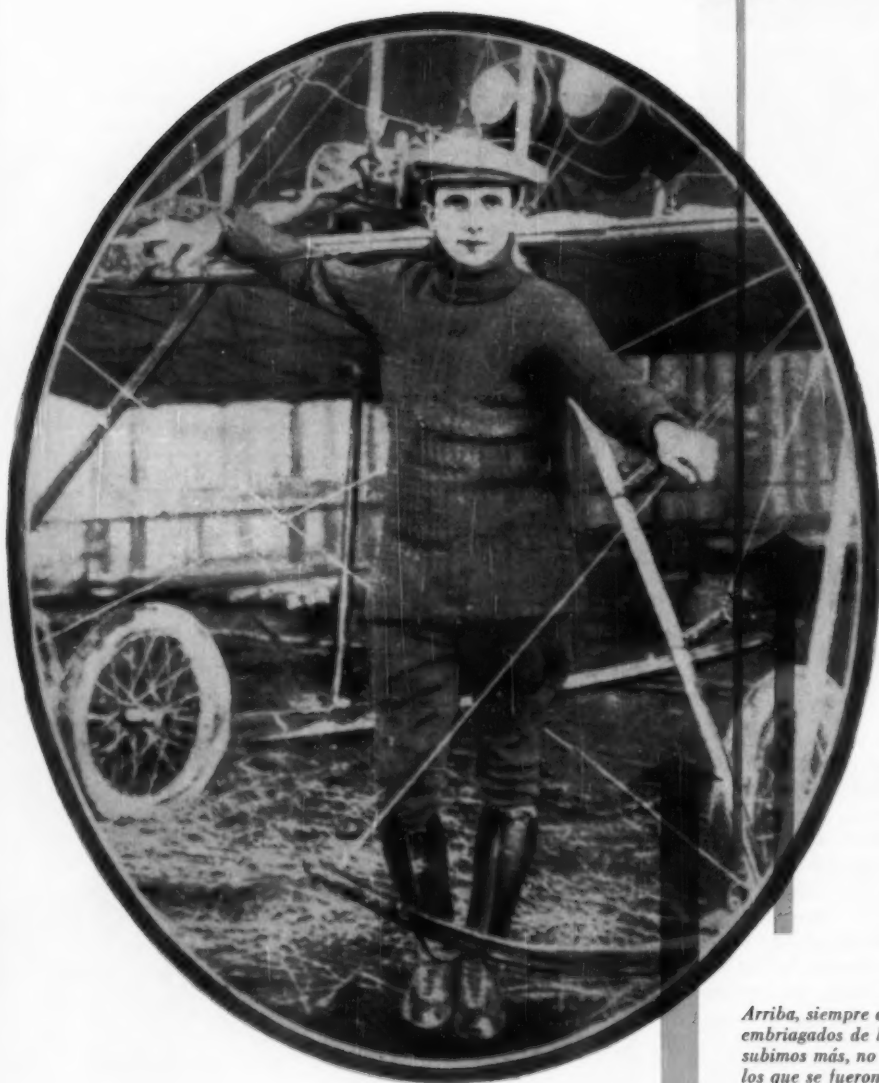
New compounds are being discovered with greater paralyzing power than d-tubocurarine but less effect on



Test, harmless to rabbit, checks strength of curare by measuring amount required to keep him from raising his head

respiratory functions. One known as d-chondocurarine chloride seems to be highly active, but is found in such small amounts in the plant extract that study of it has been difficult. At the same time, synthetic curare-like preparations have been developed. These synthetics offer certain marked advantages, such as avoidance of side reactions. Moreover, one, succinyl choline, can be given in a continuous intravenous drip. This procedure, allowing minute-by-minute control, avoids the chance of respiratory depression that is so common with the one-shot use of the true curare agents.

So the research continues. Starting from the secret poison of Amazonian Indian hunters, medicine is going on to new conquests of pain and disease. ♦ ♦ ♦



Wings over the Alps

HISTORY-MAKING

FLIGHT BY JORGE CHÁVEZ

OF PERU

*Arriba, siempre arriba, y si algún día,
embriagados de luz,
subimos más, no importa... nos esperan
los que se fueron antes al azul.*

Upward, forever upward, and if some day,
drunk with light,
we go higher, no matter: we are awaited
by those who went before us into the blue.

—From the Peruvian Aviation Hymn

ENRIQUE CHIRINOS SOTO

"UPWARD, FOREVER UPWARD" were the last words of Jorge Chávez, spoken in the presence of a priest and a very few friends at San Biagio Hospital in the little Italian town of Domodossola. It was the morning of September 27, 1910. Four days earlier, on the twenty-third, this Peruvian youth had made the first flight across the Alps in the then-incipient history of aviation.

The thirst for immortality is often translated, as Una-

ENRIQUE CHIRINOS SOTO, a graduate of San Agustín University in Arequipa, is a prize-winning Peruvian journalist now writing editorials for the Lima daily La Prensa.

muno would have it, into the mysterious appetite for glory. It is a paradox of human nature that because death is rejected, it is sought. "*Para eso hemos nacido: para vivir de nuestra muerte* [For this we were born: to live by our death]," in the profound phrase of the distinguished poet César Vallejo: a noble and certain way to go on living, as proved by the death of Jorge Chávez, his compatriot.

Nowadays we regard the circling of the earth by man-made satellites not only as possible but as routine. We expect to hear very soon of the first trip to the moon. So



perhaps we may be tempted to scoff at a flight over the Alps, as at a child's game. What kind of barrier are the Alps—wrinkles on the miniature European landscape—when the sound barrier has long since been broken?

But September 23, 1910, fell less than seven years after the Wright brothers flew their rudimentary aircraft. Ten months before, on June 25, 1909, Blériot had won celebrity by flying the English Channel. Without these feats—the first in the history of aviation and therefore the most difficult—there would never be interplanetary travel, just as there would surely have been no civilization if some efficient though anonymous troglodyte had not discovered the principle of fire.

And there were the Alps. They had to be vanquished. Airplanes were already climbing to altitudes of seven or even eight thousand feet and were traveling incredible distances of a hundred miles or so. Would it be possible to cross the range? To conquer the formidable Simplon Pass? To survive the challenge of the mountains and the winds? The Touring Club of Italy offered a prize of seventy thousand lire to whoever could take off from the Swiss town of Brig, cross by way of the Simplon Pass, touch down at Domodossola, and fly on to Milan.

Jorge Chávez was one of the first to sign up. Alongside his name appeared those of Cattaneo, Mollien, Laubran, Magenta, Paulham, Martinent, Tabard, Ravetto, Metrot, Miel, Andemars, Dufaux, Paillete, Taddeoli, Weymann, and so on and on—all pioneers of world aviation. But who was Chávez? Who was this twenty-three-year-old aviator singled out by the Italian newspaper *Il Dovere*, in its edition of September 15, as the probable victor?

Like the illustrious writer Ventura García Calderón, Jorge Chávez was a Peruvian born in Paris. This event took place on June 13, 1887. His parents, Manuel Chávez y Moreyra and the former María Rosa Dartnell y Guisse, were Peruvians who had emigrated from their native land in 1884, shortly after the end of the War of the Pacific. Several of his five brothers are still living and participated in the ceremonies last September when the hero's remains were brought to Lima.

Chávez was Peruvian not only by blood, not only because his father so registered him at the Peruvian consulate in Paris, but above all because he felt and wished himself to be. He loved his unknown homeland with that tortured and compelling love whose melancholy sweetness is best known to exiles and expatriates. As every Peruvian child learns in school, Chávez had the red-and-white national flag painted on the wings of his plane. He missed no opportunity to show what he was: "I am Peruvian," he said after each triumph. He once sent a letter of correction to a Manchester newspaper that had represented him as French. And in undertaking his decisive exploit, he planned to dedicate it to that distant and fabulous country that was his and that he had heard spoken of at home so often and so affectionately.

On his mother's side, he was descended from Admiral Jorge Martín Guisse, a hero of the independence and founder of the Peruvian Navy. Guisse was Lord Cochrane's second in command on the expedition of liberation led by José de San Martín. Having made up their minds

to fight from the bridge of an enemy vessel, Guisse and Cochrane boarded and captured the Spanish ship *Esmeralda*, anchored in Callao harbor. In years to come, indirectly but just as effectively, Admiral Guisse's great-grandson was to found Peruvian aviation.

He attended the École Sainte-Marie and the Lycée Carnot. He was a cheerful and energetic boy, who was enthusiastic about drawing and went in for strenuous athletics. Into the classroom filtered word of the exploits of the Wrights in the United States and of Blériot and Delagrange in France. Chávez's imagination was captured. He took courses at the École d'Électricité et de Mécanique Industrielle and at last entered the school of aeronautics established in Paris by the aviator Farman. An aviator? The news must have upset the patriarchal tranquillity of the Chávez home. Aviation was not yet a profession; it was hardly even a sport; it was likely to be a tragedy.

He began his apprenticeship in December 1909. Between February of 1910, when he made his first solo flight in a Farman biplane, and September 23, he won a prize of five thousand francs in the Biarritz contest; crashed into the sea at Nice and survived by a miracle; participated in the aviation week at Rouen; won another prize, of nine thousand francs, at Tours; broke the altitude record at Blackpool, England, on August 3, climbing to almost six thousand feet; and on September 8 again broke the record, climbing this time to 8,530 feet. All in the brief space of seven months.

It might be said that, consciously or subconsciously, Jorge Chávez lived possessed by the double urgency of death and glory. There was no feat that satisfied him. There was no contest he would not enter. There was no limit he did not wish to surpass. "Upward, forever upward." So now he was ready for the Alps. He turned a deaf ear to the cautions of friends and relations. He surveyed the route he was soon to fly. And he worked over every detail of his plane.

The plane was a Blériot. Its wingspread measured twenty-eight feet, its fuselage twenty-four and a half. It weighed about 794 pounds (a modern Canberra weighs

somewhere around twenty-five tons). It had fifty horsepower and an average speed of thirty-six miles an hour. Completely rebuilt not long ago, Chávez's Blériot is now in the Peruvian Military Historical Museum; it certainly looks a lot more like a bicycle than like any of its modern counterparts.

Chávez took off at 1:29 P.M. A crowd watched the plane into the air at Brig, and on the other side of the Alps another crowd was waiting for it in Domodossola. Twenty minutes later, flying at 8,200 feet and engaged in a dramatic struggle with the wind, the fragile machine cleared the Simplon Pass, between the awesome Fletschhorn and Monte Leone peaks. On the ground, the flyer Christiaens, a close friend of Chávez's, looked on and wired to the Paris newspaper *Le Matin*: "It was so beautiful we all burst into tears."

The Alps conquered, the now-celebrated Blériot plane appeared at 2:11 on the outskirts of Domodossola. It began its descent: a hundred, eighty, sixty feet above the ground. The crowd roared with enthusiasm. The heroic pilot smiled and waved. Suddenly, a gust of wind shook the plane; the wing lashings broke; the Blériot folded up like a fan and fell. Imprisoned in the smoking ruins, Jorge Chávez lay mortally injured.

A civic hero, a hero of peace, a hero not by one sudden act but by a heroic life deliberately chosen and punctiliously carried out, Chávez stirred the world with his sacrifice. In homage to their dying colleague, the other pilots who had signed up withdrew from the contest. To the deathbed came a letter from Louis Blériot: "Yesterday I learned of your heroic victory and your unfortunate fall. You have paid dear for your triumph; but you have attained a success that will forever be inscribed in the history of civilization."

The Touring Club of Italy gave the prize to Chávez's family. King Victor Emmanuel III ordered that a monument be raised in Domodossola, and another was built in Brig. Pope Pius X asked Catholics throughout the world to remember the Peruvian aviator in their prayers. When his body was taken to Paris, the eminent statesman Jean Barthou pronounced the eulogy. A journalist to



Chávez's plane, a Blériot, has been rebuilt and is now in Lima

whom Chávez had confided his ambitions wrote: "Paris has given Chávez the reception he dreamed of."

In his distant homeland, Jorge Chávez's triumph and sacrifice had profound reverberations. Peru, still recovering slowly from the disastrous war of 1879, was badly in need of the spirit and hope injected by his prowess. On September 27, while he lay dying in Domodossola, the National Aviation League was founded in Lima. By public subscription, funds were raised for a monument. The people throbbed with excitement. Poets celebrated the epic—from José Santos Chocano, the great "Poet of America," who imagined Don Quixote at Chávez's bedside, to the anonymous troubadors of the streets.

Two years later, on January 25, 1913, another Peruvian, Juan Bielovucic, took off from Brig, crossed the same mountains through the same fearful pass, and landed at Domodossola less than fifty feet from where the Chávez monument was already standing. There Bielovucic laid a spray of white roses he had brought with him. Thus another pilot of ours avenged our hero's sacrifice.

Peru, with a territory of over half a million square miles—desolate sand wastes, colossal mountains, impenetrable jungles—is a country for airplanes. We Peruvians are proud of the history of our aviation. Chávez and Bielovucic conquered the Alps. Canga died in 1939 while attempting a direct flight between Lima and Rome. Martínez de Pinillos and Zagarra Lanfranco flew around America in 1928 in the *Peru*, acquired by public subscription. In December 1935, Commander Revoredo flew non-stop from Lima to Bogotá in fourteen hours forty minutes; in February 1937 he covered the two thousand miles between Lima and Buenos Aires in thirteen hours thirty-eight minutes. Revoredo is now a general and has been chairman of the Council of Ministers, but to the public he is above all the man who made these two pioneering flights. When a separatist revolt broke out in Iquitos, the capital of Peruvian Amazonia, at the end of the last century, it took six months for the government troops to get there: by ship down the Pacific coast, through the Strait of Magellan, up the Atlantic side, and across Brazil by way of the Amazon. Today the flight from Lima to Iquitos takes less than three hours. Because it was Jorge Chávez who forged this destiny, Peruvian aviation celebrates the twenty-third of September as its day and the Air Force has taken "Upward, Forever Upward" for its motto.

On September 19, 1957, the remains of Jorge Chávez were brought to Lima in a plane of the French Air Force. Delegations of a dozen nations did him honor as, in solemn ceremony, Peru and France shared his glory. Military bands played the *Marseillaise* and, immediately afterward, the Peruvian national anthem. And all that day, as every day, planes were taking off for the capitals of America and for other Peruvian cities from the Lima airport, one of the most modern and beautiful in the world.

To the youth of my country, Jorge Chávez still stands beside his Blériot, wearing jodhpurs, a wide-visored cap pulled so low over his forehead that it almost hides his



Peruvian Air Force generals carried hero's body in procession when it was brought to Lima last September

dreamy eyes, and the heavy turtle-neck sweater that in Peru is known to the trade as "Jorge Chávez style"—just as in his most famous photograph. He is their hero of heroes. The twentieth-century hero. The man who wished to be first among those who nurture the mad but marvelous ambition to bury themselves in the blue. ♦♦♦

Chávez monument in Lima was built with funds raised by public subscription





Entire Metropolitan road company on arrival in Los Angeles in 1948

the MET on the road

QUAINTANCE EATON

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA has always been a "traipsin' woman." Since its founding in 1883, the United States' most durable and most famous opera company has woven the golden thread of grand opera through fifty-four North American cities and Paris. In its sixty-nine journeys away from its home base in New York, this intrepid troupe has survived three wars and as many depressions, and has braved all manner of natural disasters and man-made tribulations.

QUAINTANCE EATON, who has lived and worked with music most of her life, has contributed articles to the New York Herald Tribune, Better Homes and Gardens, High Fidelity, and Opera News. She is also the author of *Opera Caravan*, recently published by Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy.

Getting the show on the road has never been a simple task, and even with today's streamlined efficiency it is still much like putting together a huge jigsaw puzzle. Everyone from the general manager, Rudolf Bing, to the last technician, wardrobe attendant, and call boy takes part. The old house at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway hums with excitement as the final scenery and costumes are packed and carted away to the special baggage train, and the performers and crew prepare to rendezvous at Grand Central Station for the annual trek to some sixteen cities in the United States and Canada.

The Metropolitan has been called "the biggest thing that moves except the circus"—and now that the circus has been stripped down, it must be the biggest of all. Its

slogan is: "Take everything along but the opera house." A troupe of 325, scenery for a dozen to eighteen operas, 400 trunks, and 150 musical instruments must be manipulated over the network of a dozen U.S. and Canadian railroads. This calls for two special passenger trains consisting of twenty sleepers and a baggage train of as many as thirty cars.

When the Metropolitan sets out each spring, it is perpetuating a tradition that has its roots in the very inception of the institution—the 1883-84 season. Henry E. Abbey, the impresario of the new house, who had lost three hundred thousand dollars in thirty-seven performances in New York, tried to recoup his losses in eight cities on the road. Unfortunately, Abbey's archrival, the exuberant Colonel James H. Mapleson, who had fought the new company performance by performance from the stronghold of the old Academy of Music in New York, followed on the road with a troupe including Adelina Patti and Etelka Gerster. Even Abbey's brightest stars, Christine Nilsson, Marcella Sembrich, and Italo Campanini, were no match for the wily Colonel. A flood in Cincinnati proved the last straw. Abbey returned home another three hundred thousand dollars in the red and retired temporarily from the Met.

Leopold Damrosch, who was entrusted with the Metropolitan stewardship, died suddenly in February 1885 from pneumonia brought on by overwork, leaving the reins to his twenty-three-year-old son Walter. Young Damrosch determined to carry out his father's commitments for a tour but nearly missed his very first engagement. Saving money on an inferior railroad was poor economy; the train was delayed a day by a February blizzard, and the weary travelers straggled into Chicago two hours late for a *Tannhäuser* curtain. The opera lasted until 1:30 A.M.—stretched out, surprisingly enough, by the audience itself, which had demanded that Adolf Robinson sing two encores of the *Evening Star*. In three weeks of excellent performances, which placed an unprecedented emphasis on "ensemble" qualities, the industrious Teutonic company more than compensated for an unhappy beginning. Then they went on to further artistic and financial successes in Cincinnati and Boston.

From 1884-85 through 1890-91, the seven so-called "German years," all operas, including even such stalwarts of the Italian and French repertory as *Aida* and *Carmen*, were sung in German. For three of those years, the company stayed at home. Anton Seidl, appointed chief conductor in 1885, effected one of the era's notable achievements when he produced Wagner's entire *Ring* cycle for the first time in the United States in 1888-89. The illustrious Lilli Lehmann, the handsome heroic tenor Max Alvary, and the benign bass Emil Fischer introduced the gods of Valhalla to five cities outside New York, which rang with the cry "Westward Ho-Yo-To-Ho!" Wagner's music-dramas brought an entirely new concept of opera to North America; many professed to believe that "Italian opera" was dead. But the Bayreuth master's full time had not yet come; the country still yearned for the good old ways, for the antics and whims of prima donnas and the satisfaction of hearing familiar "tunes." Italian



Picture post card of Adelina Patti, famous diva who was also noted for her classic "farewell" tours

"Turbulent, vociferous, gum-chewing" Emma Calvé as Carmen



Met tenor Francesco Tamagno as Otello, his most celebrated role



Lillian Nordica, who became one of best-known American prima donnas

opera was to come back to the Metropolitan when Abbey took over again in 1891.

Meanwhile, that insatiable impresario had not forsworn opera but had linked his fortunes with the greatest singer of them all, Adelina Patti. Though the diva never became a regular member of the Metropolitan, she did make several guest appearances when Abbey leased the house from the German management for post-season galas. And one tour with Abbey in 1889-90 was so closely related to his Metropolitan activities that it has been adopted by courtesy into the Met's tour records.

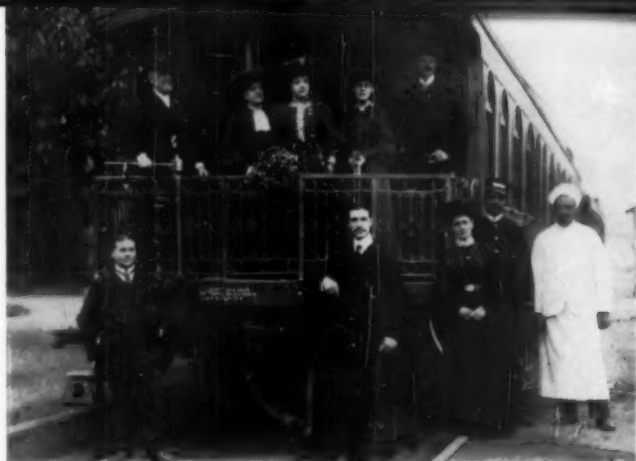
Patti had already begun her classic "farewell" tours in the middle eighties. The *Brooklyn Eagle* estimated that she had made her "last appearance" twenty-seven times and her "positively last appearance" nine times; had "permanently retired from the stage" seven times; had "retired to spend her days in her castle" three times; and "is now getting ready to take another hack at the public and retire again." The redoubtable prima donna would go on to complete fifty-six years of singing in 1906, having first appeared at the age of seven.

In 1886-87, Abbey persuaded her to undertake a concert tour of South America. With a lively appreciation of material values, the diva had long eyed that continent as another world to conquer. The two great tenors Angelo Masini and Francesco Tamagno had come home considerably enriched by the adoring populace there. Tamagno did especially well. Though an extremely pleasant and cheerful man, according to several accounts, he was far from naive in business matters. Marcus Mayer, Abbey's assistant, who on Patti's advice sought him out for the tour of 1889-90, commented wryly that the tenor "didn't exactly want the earth, but just about all there was on the surface."

Patti's conquest of the southern continent was complete. Her share of the box office for twenty-four Buenos Aires concerts alone was said to be \$192,000. There was no letdown the next season; in fact, the crowds in Buenos Aires were even more exuberant, if possible, and the tangible rewards rose proportionately. In addition to an incredible \$6,250 for each performance, the tiny prima donna was given half of all receipts over \$12,000 per concert.

After two such congenial experiences under Abbey's management, Patti offered no objections when he proposed another "farewell" opera tour in 1889-90. He lured her with the opening of the new Chicago Auditorium; a visit to Mexico, where hats had been tossed in the air for her concert appearances the two previous years; and a return to San Francisco, where "Patti fever" broke out each year whether she was there to assuage it or not.

Chicago verged on delirium as it waited to enshrine both the President of the United States and the world's favorite prima donna in its "parthenon of modern civilization," as one newspaper called the quarter-million-dollar structure. The dedication night of December 9, 1889, found eight thousand people somehow crowded in the house, while thirty thousand milled outside until midnight. "In such a place," one paper pronounced reverently, "the heroes and the triumphs of all ages must



Adelina Patti toured in style, with retinue of servants and luxuriously appointed private railroad car



Edouard de Reszke (bareheaded) and Fritz Scheff (right)

come into a new existence for the gratification and elevation of modern society." President Benjamin Harrison himself dedicated the temple to the Muse and introduced her acolyte, the diva. Patti was led forth amid a tumult. Her gown was of white brocade with black satin stripes, trimmed with steel bangles, and the bodice was looped and studded with pearls and diamonds. The black and white elegantly yet tactfully marked a second mourning for the singer's sister, Carlotta, who had died in June.

As the last notes of *Home, Sweet Home* died away, people rose to their feet, shouting and waving handkerchiefs. Graciously Patti added Eckert's *Echo Song*, which had not been contracted for in her three-thousand-dollar fee. Now the applause assumed the fierceness of a tornado, but no more was heard from the diva. For brevity and costliness her contribution probably set a record.

After three weeks of mounting successes, Abbey's caravan set off southward. The special twelve-car train, the wonder of the nineties, with Patti's private palace on wheels smartly bringing up the rear, pulled into Mexico City a day late. A wrecked bridge at Torreón had delayed them, and the passengers discovered to their horror that an engine and freight train had gone down the ravine with the bridge. "It might have been our fate," wrote Virginia Arditi, wife of the company's conductor.

"Everybody is so thankful for the lucky escape that there has been no grumbling or discontent all day."

The travelers encountered a reception that not even Buenos Aires could surpass. Mayer had circumvented a local ruling that proscribed subscription sale of the entire house, and practically every seat was bought in advance. Several fanatical opera lovers pawned their jewelry to get the money for tickets. Everyone forgot the scandal of 1887, when a man representing himself as Marcus Mayer had sold tickets for Patti in advance and absconded with the proceeds.

The first-night house for *Semiramide* displayed fabulous gowns and jewels, "such a galaxy of beauty and such an appreciative though exacting audience as one seldom sees," wrote Mme. Arditì. "I heard of a lady who positively paid thirty pounds for a box and fourteen pounds for two seats in the gallery for her maid and her husband's valet."

The conductor's wife was perhaps the only one in the company who had the leisure and the health to enjoy herself. "It is a perfect paradise of a place," she wrote. "The hotel [Del Jardín], formerly a convent, was built around a garden of orange trees. . . . Before our arrival the best rooms were denuded to add to the elegance of Patti's apartments. . . . All is life, gaiety, color. *Such* wonderful hats! They pay sixteen pounds for some of them. The men wear the tightest trousers—how they get in them is a mystery."

Every singer became indisposed at one juncture or another, possibly from an epidemic of gripe that spread even into the opera house. The audience responded to Tamagno's high notes with sympathetic coughs and punctuated Patti's arias with sneezes.

Even more frightening than the germs was the exigence of this audience—worse even than the Italians, declared Mme. Arditì. "At the first *Faust*, Luigi Ravelli [the tenor who shared honors with Tamagno] was simply *hissed*.

Novara, the Méphistophélès, never had a hand the whole evening, and [the celebrated Canadian soprano] Emma Albani, the Marguerite, was only applauded when she sang alone—a novel experience for the artists. The audience very soon lets them know when they sing out of tune."

No fault was found with Patti, who proceeded serenely through her accustomed repertory—*Semiramide*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, *Linda di Chamounix*, and other charming and generally hapless heroines from the coloratura quiver. Scarcely less sensational was Tamagno of the trumpet voice in *Guillaume Tell*, *Otello*, *Aida*, *L'Africaine*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Il Trovatore*. The tenor's popularity did not stop within theater walls. Spectators in the Plaza de Toros would shout "Bravo, Tamagno!" every time a favorite *torero* touched the bull. Another singer who won the Mexicans' warm affection was Lillian Nordica, the young American soprano who was just beginning her distinguished career. The roles that fell to her were *Aida*, *Leonora in Il Trovatore*, and *Selika in L'Africaine*. Already developing the temperament of a prima donna, Nordica is said to have envied Patti her private car. When Abbey heard of the younger singer's ambition, he remarked: "She can have a whole train if she will pay for it."

Estimates of this season's financial outcome varied. Mayer was quoted as saying that the company garnered \$225,000 in gold for fifteen scheduled and six extra performances. Patti, quite naturally, carried away the biggest share of the booty. Her benefit on January 29 brought her some extraordinary gifts. A Mrs. Clark (the same woman who had spent thirty pounds for a box) wanted to send flowers, but the practical Mme. Arditì persuaded her to buy an exquisite little clock in the shape of a sedan chair. Maurice Grau, Abbey's junior partner, contributed a cardcase set with diamonds. President Porfirio Díaz and his wife pressed other favors on Patti—a crown of solid gold, a pair of ruby-and-diamond earrings, and a filigree silver box containing precious coins.

At the next stop on the tour, Patti found San Francisco as loving and lovable as before. At each appearance she was "*plus Patti que jamais*," as one writer put it. Even the Philistines got their money's worth and honestly enjoyed themselves, at least when the diva was visible. There was no sign of the crank who had thrown the bomb behind her on stage in 1887, whereupon, with extraordinary courage and presence of mind, she had stepped to the footlights and warbled *Home, Sweet Home* while a stage hand fielded the bomb.

Abbey returned to the Metropolitan in 1891-92, admitting Grau to full partnership. The fabled nights of the matchless nineties were at hand. The road commanded its share of glory during the decade, for Chicago, not New York, boasted the American debuts of the incomparable Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Emma Eames, and Ernestine Schumann-Heink, while half a dozen others added to the glitter of the galaxy—Melba and Plançon, Lehmann and Campanari, Scalchi and Maurel. Each season seemed more notable, more exciting, than the one before, like Scheherazade's tales.



Special issue of San Francisco Examiner, just before earthquake, shows Enrico Caruso and Marcella Sembrich

Prima donnas vied with each other for the attention and adulation of the public. Emma Eames and Emma Calvé under the same roof always posed a problem for impresarios. If the "turbulent, vociferous, gum-chewing, highly painted Calvé, a tiger lily too exotic to thrive in gardens of conventionality," was a little too flagrant for public acceptance, the cool, chaste Emma Eames restored the balance by remaining socially presentable in every city's *haut monde*.

Every season was spiced with at least one episode to set tongues wagging. Luigi Mancinelli, the Italian conductor of the company, spent his leisure hours in "dime museums," peeking at the freaks. One night in Chicago he was arrested by two detectives who mistook him for a clever thief with a trick overcoat. He was released barely in time for the evening's opera curtain.

In Chicago a lunatic interrupted the balcony scene of Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* by crawling over the footlights onto the stage. Before he could be ejected, women had fainted, Melba had to be carried to her dressing room in a fit of hysteria, and the house was in an uproar. Only Jean de Reszke remained cool. Drawing his sword, he forced the intruder to retreat to the footlights, then shouted for the curtain to be lowered, trapping the unexpected visitor between converging stage hands.

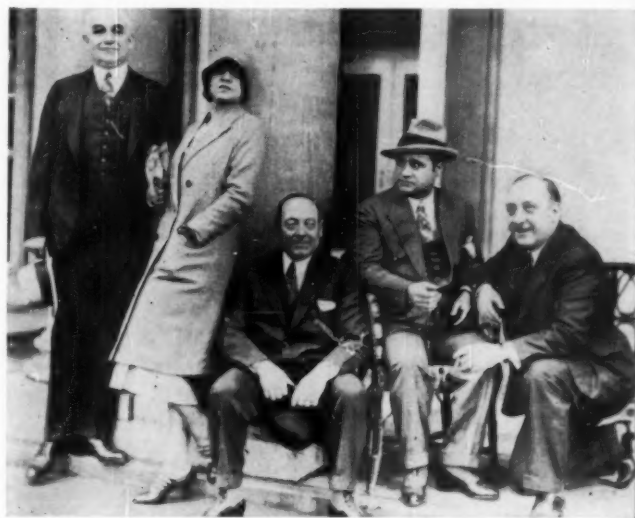
Emma Calvé, the inimitable *Carmen*, was at once the most potent magnet and the thorniest problem for Grau, who assumed responsibility for the Met after Abbey's death in 1896. Midway in one barnstorming tour, the captious prima donna decided that no doctor outside of New Orleans understood her delicate vocal cords. Irreverent commentators have hinted that it was pert Fritz Scheff's success as Micaela that stuck in the temperamental *Carmen*'s throat. Whatever the cause, Calvé betook herself from Louisville to New Orleans, regardless of engagements that lay between.

Heinrich Conried, the German actor who was chosen as Grau's successor in 1903, left a legacy of two major accomplishments. The first, ironically enough, since Conried waged a bitter war on the "star system," was the introduction of Caruso, the brightest star of all. Until the fateful day in December 1920 when he collapsed on the Brooklyn Academy stage, this unique artist inspired floods of purple prose from the newspapers, rivaled only by Calvé and, before her, Patti. With his uncanny talent for caricature, Caruso left a trail of priceless drawings in his wake as he traveled over the world.

The second Conried achievement was the production of Wagner's *Parsifal*. Pirated from Bayreuth against the wishes of Wagner's widow, the Festival Play aroused a country-wide *brouhaha* of quasi-devotional fervor never equaled since, even in this day of expert press-agency. *Parsifal* was the topic of tea tables and lecture halls; the odd curtain time of five-thirty posed problems of dress and dining that titillated the good citizens of Omaha, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and a dozen other points. At an unprecedented ticket price of ten dollars, auditoriums from coast to coast were jammed. When the furor had subsided, the Guileless Fool had made a fortune for Conried—\$167,000.

Though fires, floods, strikes, and blackouts have threatened the migratory songbirds throughout the decades, it took a major disaster to halt a Metropolitan company in its tracks. At the beginning of a potentially prosperous fortnight in San Francisco in April 1906, Caruso sang in *Carmen* before a loudly demonstrative house. One of the next day's newspapers advocated renaming the opera *Don José*, a compliment never seen by the tenor or by most San Franciscans. Even as the newspaper came from the presses the city trembled with the first shock of the San Francisco earthquake. The opera personnel escaped unscathed except for the loss of all their belongings. Conried lost the scenery and costumes for nineteen operas and most of the musical instruments.

Metropolitan tours reached their zenith in 1909-10. In addition to operating two theaters in New York, the company gave 163 out-of-town performances, including a



Opera pilgrims in Atlanta. From left: Léon Rothier, Rosa Ponselle, Giuseppe de Luca, Beniamino Gigli, and Giuseppe Danise

Paris season. When Giulio Gatti-Casazza took over as general manager of the Metropolitan in 1908, he had ordered an end to touring. But he changed his mind before the next spring came around, and the Metropolitan has never missed a season on the road since—fortunately for the millions who have craved to see and hear Arturo Toscanini, Geraldine Farrar, Feodor Chaliapin, Kirsten Flagstad, Bidú Sayão, Lawrence Tibbett, Ramón Vinay, Lily Pons, Rosa Ponselle, and the dozens of other luminaries under the Metropolitan's banner.

Perhaps the slick tours of the present lack some of the flavor of improvisation that enlivened other days. Still, trains can be late even under modern conditions, bringing about a last-minute scramble to get the curtain up. Atlanta, Georgia, once witnessed what a newspaper termed the "worst-dressed *Carmen* ever to hit any stage." Washouts had delayed the baggage train, and the curtain went up on a group of Sevillians in twentieth-century, travel-worn motley. As the trunks arrived, *Carmen* added a scarf, Don José a sash, the gypsies a colorful rag here



Geraldine Farrar, who won widest acclaim as *Madame Butterfly*

and there, until by bullfight time the crowd was presentable, Spanish style.

Human error can also occasionally disrupt the machinery. En route to Los Angeles in 1949, the Metropolitan special trains were delayed in El Paso, Texas. Three members of the company decided to make a sortie across the Mexican border for souvenirs. Because all three were foreign-born, the border officials delayed the return of Ramón Vinay of Chile, Herbert Graf of Austria, and Nicola Moscona of Greece until someone from the company came to their rescue.

At times, emergencies of a more serious nature arise. The coal strike of 1946 imposed a curfew on Chicago just as a Metropolitan season was about to begin. No public building could show a light after 6:00 P.M. Someone had the brilliant idea of harnessing a ship then anchored in the Chicago River to the Opera House to generate light. In some of the fastest red-tape cutting in history, the ship was secured from the Maritime Commission for a twenty-five-thousand-dollar deposit against damages. Moored by only one slender line, the good ship *Mainsheet Eye* made ready for her duty to culture. But a negligent crew left her undermanned at lunch time, and one gust of a typical Chicago "breeze" snapped the line. Wallowing in the narrow river, the 325-foot vessel promptly jammed into the *News* building, causing ten thousand dollars' damage and enough publicity to ensure the success of the season. Restored to a safe berth, the *Mainsheet Eye* lighted the performances for a fortnight of lyric drama that was unusually popular because Chicago had nowhere else to spend the evenings. Even so, the maritime partnership wiped out all the profits.

When a glamorous opera company leaves its winter quarters and goes out across the nation, spirits soar along with the mercury. The sense of comradeship, relatively impossible to cultivate in the busy winter round of New York, blossoms on the road. "It was so nice, like one big family," says Bidú Sayão, who confesses that her Metropolitan touring days, now ended, are among her happiest memories. "The men play cards on the train and tell 'tall' stories; the women always go shopping in all the

cities. We make friends and go to parties and have fun as we never can at home. There are many little 'gossips' and romances—several marriages have been brought about because Metropolitan tourists fall in love along the route."

The dainty Brazilian artist can vouch for the authenticity of one anecdote that illustrates the freedom singers feel on the road—like mischievous children excused from school. "In the college town of Bloomington, Indiana, we were rather bored one year," says Mme. Sayão. "There was nothing to do on our night off—no movies, no hotel. All the artists slept in college dormitories, you see. We knew that the management needed 'supers' for a performance of *Carmen*, and so about six of us principals volunteered. We thought it would be a marvelous joke to dress up like cigarette girls or gypsies and mingle with the chorus on stage. Well, it was fun at first, but soon we began to realize what a bad joke we had played. The principals took one look at us—and what a dirty look! They were furious. To see other artists in the crowd and to feel that we were in back of them, maybe laughing—of course we didn't mean to, but I don't blame my colleagues. . . . For a few days after that, *Carmen* and Don José and Micaela and a few others wouldn't speak to us. We had to apologize very prettily, you may be sure."

The desire to "dress up" is not restricted to singers playing practical jokes, as the city of Birmingham, Alabama, can testify. At one recent performance of *Faust*, those close to the stage may have spotted a certain aquiline profile under a tall silk hat, jauntily worn by the "super" who led a stage band during the Kermesse. It was Rudolf Bing himself, who likes nothing better than to join a production incognito. Edward Johnson, his predecessor, lacked the incentive to tread the boards in later years—he had had enough as a leading tenor in the days before he became general manager.

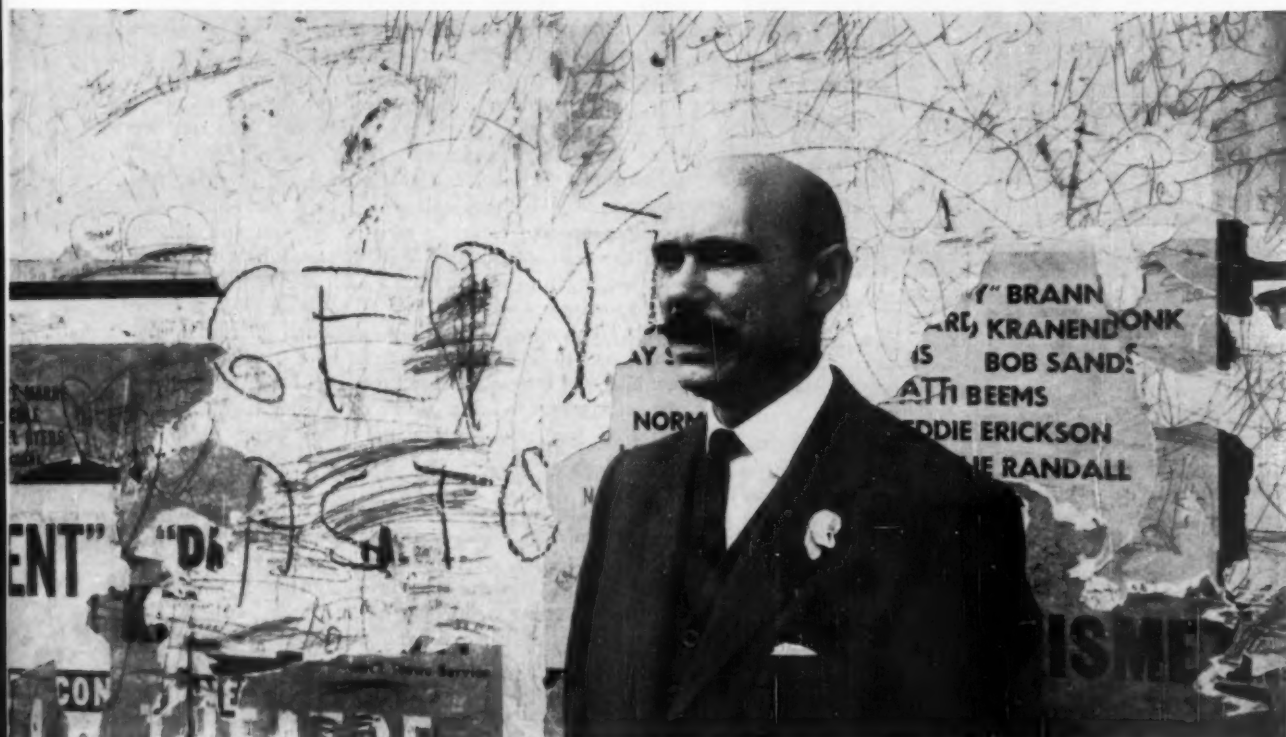
Singer or conductor, carpenter or electrician, wig-maker or secretary—all partake of the spirit of the road, working hard and playing when time permits. And always, in the wardrobe trunks, in the scenery cars, in the Pullmans, there is glamour—immemorial handmaiden and inseparable traveling companion of grand opera.

♦ ♦ ♦



Off on tour. From left: Bidú Sayão, Ramón Vinay, Inge Manski, and Edward Johnson, then general manager

The Versatile Orlando



"PAINT, EASEL, BRUSHES—and no spray gun!" Felipe Orlando exclaimed triumphantly and with an ironic smile as he showed me his paintings on exhibition in the Roland de Aenlle Gallery in New York. As usual, the Cuban artist is up in arms about the world of art and quick to reaffirm his faith in traditional methods of expression. The walls were covered with still-lives and figures in soft lines and subtle tones, which contrast with the thick layers of paint and brilliant colors of his previous works but retain the primitive grace characteristic of this self-taught painter. As the magazine *Arts* commented on his work: "... Subtle, like the presence of grace, the effect intrigues: in *Man Shaving*, transforming an act habitual and mundane into a statement about mortality."

Knowing the artist's predilection for complicated travel and strange means of transportation, Orlando's friends were amazed when they learned that he would fly direct from Mexico City, where he has lived for the past nine years, to attend the opening of his New York show. Restlessness and a lively curiosity have led him to wander through many countries of Europe and the Americas, to work at all sorts of jobs, and to inquire into the most diverse fields of learning. He talks with equal enthusiasm

of "Chimenea," the great Cuban bongo drummer, and of his friend Pablo Casals, whom he visited in Prades and who owns one of his paintings. In Haiti, he traversed the countryside on foot, on horseback, and by automobile, teaching the elements of painting to schoolboys and becoming at the same time an expert on the local folklore. In England, Henry Moore invited him to his home, where they discussed the influence of pre-Hispanic art in his sculptures. When he visited France in 1953, he talked with Braque; the old French master admired one of the Cuban's still-lives and encouraged him to hold an exhibition in Paris.

Born in Las Villas in 1911, Orlando is winding up twenty-five years as an artist, punctuated by multiple activities to earn a living so that he could paint and give vent to his many enthusiasms. There was a time when he would dash from the Havana telegraph office, where he worked as a money-order clerk, to his easel, and thence to a Government Children's Camp at the Hershey sugar central (owned by the U.S. chocolate firm), where he gave a free course in painting. "I merely showed them how to use the materials, and then let them create. Children in the West Indies have good taste and fertile imaginations."

Between 1930—when he began his artistic self-education by studying the works of painters of his acquaintance—and today, this many-sided Cuban has done thousands of paintings, engravings, prints on silk, ceramic works (both in Cuba and in Italy). He has illustrated books. He has lectured and published several pamphlets on painting, folk music of the West Indies, and Cuban literature. He has taught the silk-screen process to ex-GI's at Mexico City College. And he is writing a book on Vivaldi, soon to be published.

Orlando started as a student of medicine and natural sciences at the University of Havana. When General Machado brought an end to his studies by closing the University, he took part in the students' struggle against the dictatorship and contributed to their opposition magazine. He then worked as a telegraph operator and as a door-to-door salesman of a children's encyclopedia, and for six months served as an officer in the Cuban Navy. By 1937 he was a painter, earning a living as postmaster of Amarilla, Matanzas Province. There he met and married, that same year, his beautiful and intelligent wife, Concha Barreto. They have one son, David, who is a medical student at the University of Mexico.

Before going to live in Mexico in 1949, Orlando spent three years in the United States. At the same time that he held a diplomatic post he went on painting and participated in several exhibitions, including the Venice Biennial and the Houston International Exposition. Museums were beginning to acquire his works—the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the San Francisco Museum, the Argentine National Museum, and the Cuban National Institute of Fine Arts, among others.

Besides expressing his opinion of spray guns, Orlando reaffirmed his convictions on figurative painting. Turning his back for a moment on the *Voice of America* cameramen filming the opening, he said: "At present American plastic arts are trapped by non-objectivism in a sort of blind alley. I consider this an experimental stage, as cubism was."

"Is that a new theory?" I asked.

"No, no. Braque said it a long time ago: 'When we created cubism, it was not one thing called cubism but

our own brand of cubism.' This shows that any such movement may be considered experimental and individual."

"In other words, you would call it a stage?"

"Of course, my friend, and a limited one too! American art will get away from it."

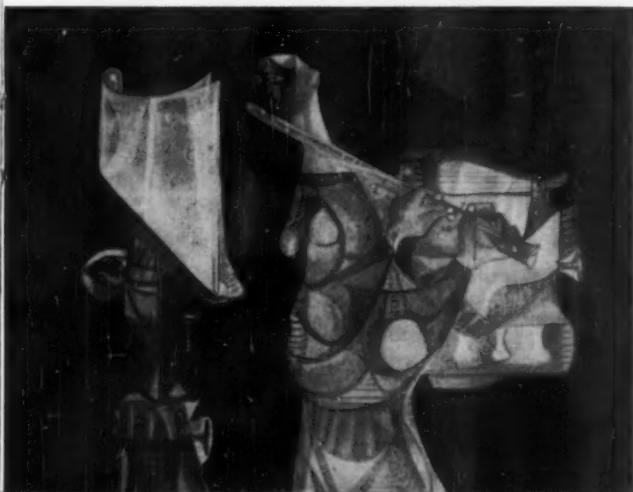


Glazed greens, yellows, blues, and grays are interposed in Re-encounter, painted in 1957



In Souvenir from Spain, characteristic grays of Cuban artist's first period reappear, with whites and ochers

Delicate shadings of cobalt violet, ultramarine, and raw sienna blend harmoniously in this oil, Homage to Vivaldi



The soft female figures and the baroque still-lives on the wall, in pale green, gray, and rose, were evidence of how strongly he feels. There will be passion but never spray guns or abstraction in the work of this man whom Rufino Tamayo has called "one of painting's true disciples."—R. N.

a word with Inocente Palacios

THE EMINENT VENEZUELAN patron of the arts Inocente Palacios came to Washington recently to help the Pan American Union prepare a series of radio broadcasts of the works he had recorded from the two Latin American Music Festivals held in Caracas. He will now return often, since he has been appointed a member of the Program Committee of the Inter-American Musical Festival scheduled to be held in Washington in April. But during this visit, which was very brief, I had to follow him around in order to interview him and insert my questions into conversations with his old friends. We went to the studios of the PAU, where he recorded an introduction for the programs, then to the home of one of his friends, finally to the recently opened Gres Gallery, where he acquired the Colombian sculptor Edgar Negret's *Magic Machine No. 12*, on exhibit there.

Inocente Palacios comes from one of the most distinguished families of Venezuela. His ancestors on his mother's side were artists and musicians, and his father's include Simón Bolívar, the Liberator. A lawyer, an art collector, and a musician in his own right (at one time he played the cello in the Symphony Orchestra of Venezuela), Mr. Palacios is also an enthusiastic patron of music. He founded and contributes large sums to the Latin American Festivals (see *AMERICAS*, March 1955 and January 1957), the third of which will take place in 1960. He has traveled widely through Europe—where he has acquired many famous paintings, including several by Pablo Picasso—and through Latin America.

In Caracas Mr. Palacios, who made a fortune in real estate, lives in a luxurious house built on a cliff overlooking the capital. Curiously, you enter by the top floor



and descend a spiral staircase to a large hall, one wall of which is an enormous stained-glass window by Fernand Léger. Chamber-music ensembles play there near a huge mobile by Alexander Calder. The fame of Mr. Palacios' collection of phonograph records is widespread in Venezuela. His residence can hold only part of his extraordinary art collection—fortunately, perhaps. For he plans to build a museum to house all his treasures and present it to the city.

"How did the idea of the Music Festivals come up?" I asked.

"The Cuban musicologist and novelist Alejo Carpentier began to promote the idea in the press and this was the beginning of the José Angel Lamas Institution, a private Venezuelan organization that encourages musical activities and organizes the Festivals. Up to then, musicians lived in a sort of splendid isolation. Although they knew what was being written in Europe, they were totally ignorant of what was being produced in our own Hemisphere. The idea of the Festivals was not only to perform works of music but to allow composers to become acquainted. They were lodged in the same hotel, the meeting turned into a congress, and this became a permanent organization—the Inter-American Music Association. I was elected its president. We have tried to broaden the concept of music in Latin America. Through the Festivals, we have made considerable progress. The Second Festival included works by U.S. composers as a measure of rapprochement, since the idea was to make it Hemisphere-wide."

"What would you say is the main trend in Latin American music today?"

"Actually, you can't talk about a main trend. Latin America is outgrowing the folkloric, indigenous, and nationalistic stages—as it has already done with romanticism—and its music is becoming more universal in scope, although, of course, all musicians give it their personal stamp. For instance, the work of the Panamanian composer Roque Cordero, who was awarded a prize in the Second Festival, is written in a twelve-tone scale, although deeply American in spirit."

"Whom do you consider Venezuela's best musician at present?"

"That's hard to say. In Caracas there's a school of composition ably directed by Vicente Emilio Sojo that has been a strong stimulus for young musicians. The results are already apparent."

"What about painting? Is there much abstract art in Venezuela?"

"The abstractionists are our best painters. Alejandro Otero, for example."

"When do you think your Museum of Modern Art will be ready?"

"Construction will begin this year and should be finished by 1960."

The next day Mr. Palacios left for Caracas, taking with him his new acquisition, the *Magic Machine No. 12*. This would be followed later by a drawing by the famous Mexican artist José Luis Cuevas, also bought at the Gres Gallery.—A. S. D.

anyone for guante?

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THE ECUADORIAN highland farmer's idea of relaxation is a noisy, murderous-looking pastime known, mildly enough, as glove ball. The origin of this unique game, which is played nowhere else on earth—not even in the same country at sea level—is lost in antiquity. Its name derives from the cumbersome glove-rackets worn by the players, which weigh from sixteen to twenty pounds. *Pelota de guante* would call for strong muscles and fast reflexes anywhere, but it takes incredible endurance in the rarefied atmosphere of the Andes, where a fast walk is too much for most people.

All year round of a Sunday afternoon the country people of Imbabura Province gather to watch or play their favorite game, especially around the village of Chota, which is a hotbed of *guante* enthusiasts. Or perhaps a big landowner will pile his farm workers into his car and take them to play a match with a rival town or hacienda. Excitement rises as the betting soars into the

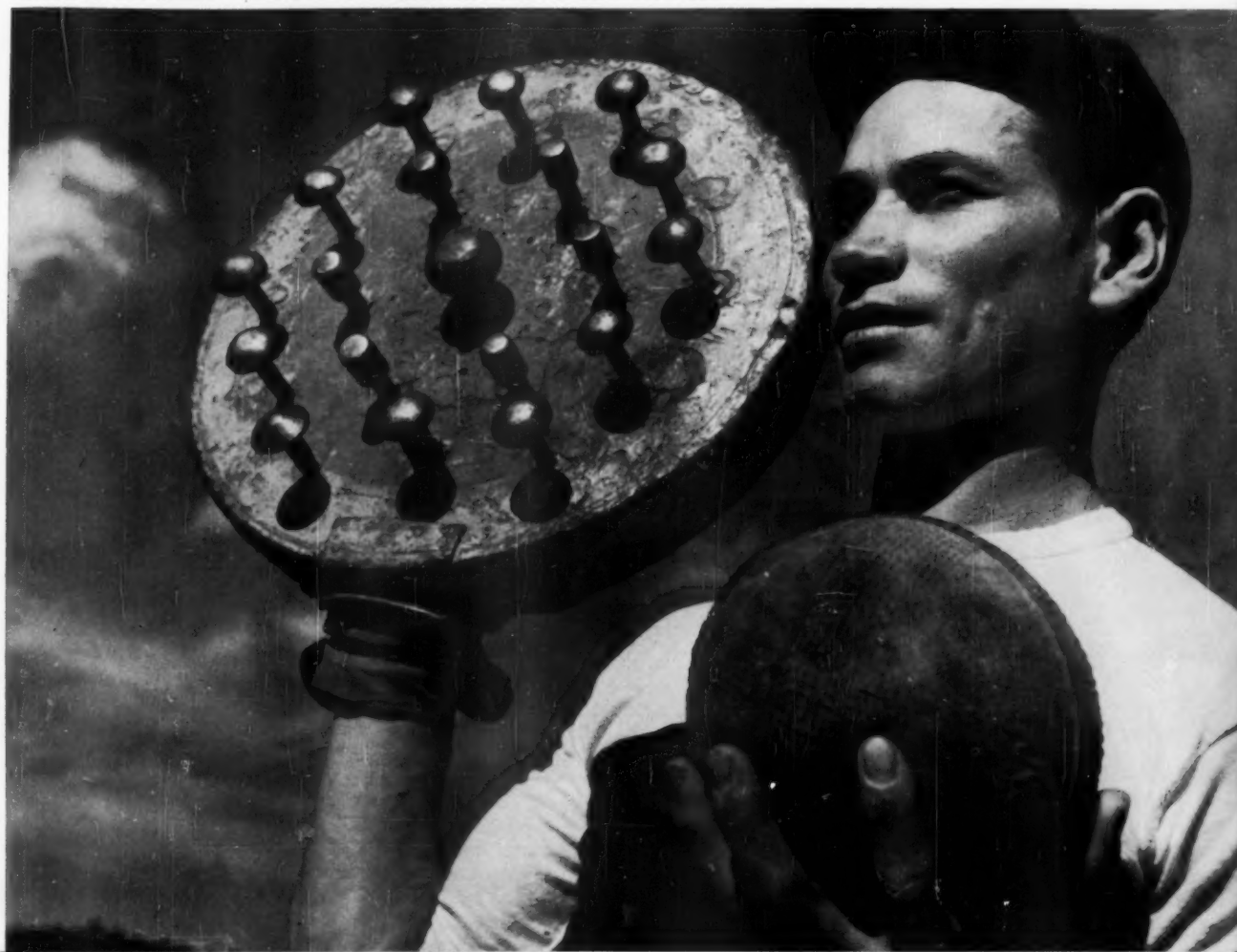
thousands of sucres. According to *guante* protocol, the winners stand the drinks in the nearest bar after the match. National contests are held in Quito on holidays.

Actually, *pelota de guante* is one of three games known in Ecuador as *Pelota Nacional*. The other variations, similarly scored and played on the same court but with smaller, lighter equipment, are *pelota de mano* (hand ball) and *pelota de tabla* (board ball).

The giant circular *guante*, eighteen inches across, is made of a specially treated wooden frame covered with cowhide and studded with heavy metal spikes not unlike those used to fasten railroad ties. The center spike has a head diameter of two inches, providing a better striking surface for the ball. The hand is placed in the glove with fingers spread apart, much as in a catcher's mitt, and the glove is then strapped tightly above the wrist.

The game, scored like tennis, is played with a lively, six-inch ball of pure rubber, weighing four or five

Glove for pelota de guante is studded with metal spikes like those used to fasten railroad ties





Uniquely Ecuadorian, game calls for strong muscles and quick reflexes, plus endurance



Opposing team tries to return ball to far end of field

Server bounces ball and sends it against opposition





Between games, players relax on edge of gloves

Perhaps she will start women's guante team some day



pounds, on a court 180 feet long by 30 feet wide. The field is carefully measured and laid out by two judges—usually village dignitaries—across the village square. Two thirds of the field comprises the server's side, divided from the receiver's by a painted line called the *tranca*. A polished flat stone called the *botero*, on which the server must bounce the ball before hitting it, lies in the center of the field about a hundred feet behind the *tranca*.

Each five-man team is composed of a *sacador*, or server; a *torna* and a *media torna*, or first and second returners; and two *cuerdas*, or wingmen. Usually the server and returners play in the backfield and the two wingmen near the *tranca*. The wingmen's gloves are lighter, containing only thirteen spikes, the returners' have eighteen, and the servers' up to thirty-three.

After the field has been marked off, the two teams take position. The server stands some thirty feet behind the *botero*, ready to serve; a returner stands by him, to one side; and the wingmen cover the center of the field, facing their rivals. The villagers gather in tight formation around the field, arguing heatedly over the merits of teams and players.

With a shout the server rushes forward, bounces the ball on the *botero*, strikes it on the rebound with a powerful swing of the *guante*, and sends it flying to the other side. One of the opponents swats the heavy ball in mid-air, returning it if he can to the opposite end of the field, and the game is on. As in tennis, a point is earned when the ball is hit out of bounds, when the server fails to get it beyond the *tranca*, or when either team fails to return a fair ball.

What makes *guante* different from other ball games is a major strategy known as the *chaza*, the object of which is to win or keep the service. The maneuver consists of either a double bounce inside the court or a single bounce inside and another outside before the receiver returns the ball. Just as football referees measure field gains, so the *guante* judges flag the point of the second bounce—or, in the case of the out-of-bounds ball, the point at which the ball left bounds. To change serves, and hence sides of the court, requires two *chazas*, or one *chaza* at a time when either of the teams has a score of forty. Both the strategy and the maneuver are called *chaza*, a confusing term that is also sometimes applied to the game itself.

A single match of two or three sets of three games each may last anywhere from half an hour to three or four, depending on the skill of the teams. During time out, the exhausted players rest by sitting conveniently on the edge of their upended *guantes*, which are still laced tightly to their wrists.

The flailing gloves and well-aimed balls can become dangerous weapons in the rough game of *guante*. But the players usually emerge unscathed. The only casualties are the spectators, who occasionally are caught unawares. As the game progresses, they press in closer than the prescribed distance from the line, and the first out-of-bounds return may clip someone. Hey, over there, watch out!—H. D. M.

a good death

"May God receive her soul."

"May God receive her soul."

"May God receive her soul."

People from all around gathered in front of the little house, repeating this chant over and over after each Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary. León Condra, the next-to-the-oldest villager, led the prayers. In the drizzly, gray June afternoon, the men and women, snug in their shawls and ponchos, fanned out in two wings from the closed door. Immobile, their heads bowed in reverence, they looked like an etching by Gavarni.

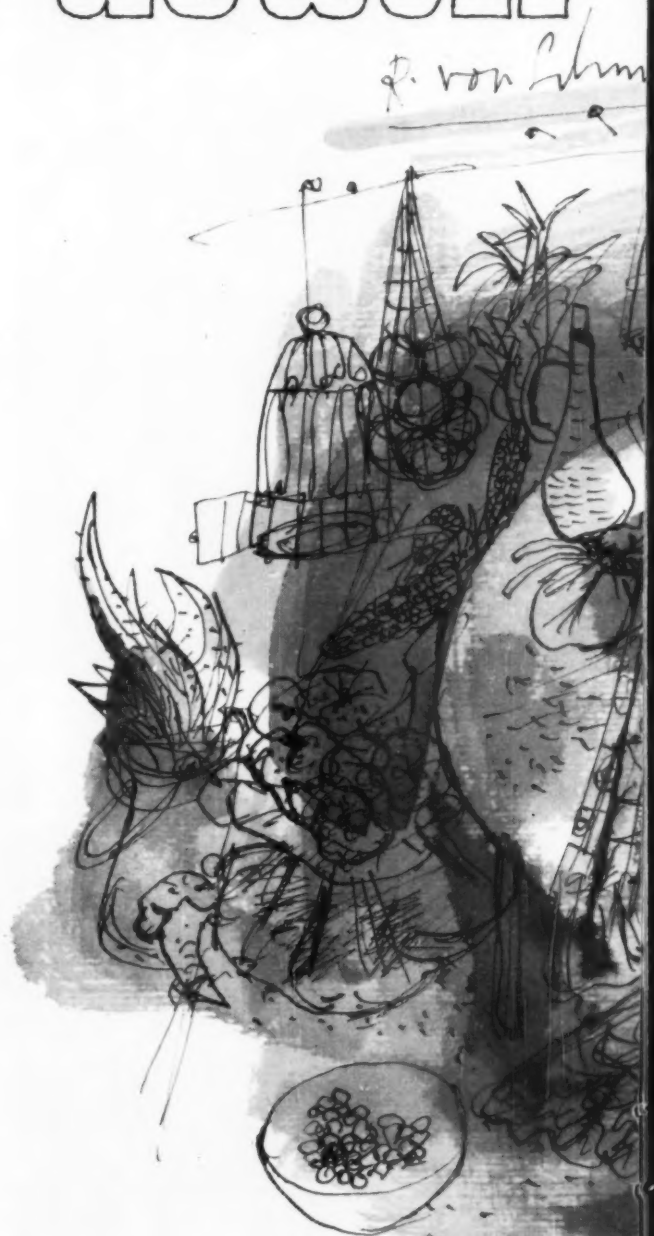
Inside the house, the priest with his acolyte attended the dying woman. She was so old that no one even knew her name. Some octogenarians in the village vaguely recalled that it might have been Cándida. Everyone knew her simply as the *meica*—the woman who cures ailments of man and beast—since her knowledge was extensive, effective, and simple. She knew how to set broken bones, to prescribe herbs accurately, to assist at births and deaths. What a model for a Capricho by Goya! That hooked profile, that stooped figure wrapped in a black woolen shawl—equal to the witches in *Macbeth*. She was feared as much as she was needed, though no one could have accused her of witchcraft. Her extreme age, her solitude, her supposed powers of good and evil, all made her seem omnipotent to the people of the village and the neighboring farms.

Just as a sick person was told to "go and see the *meica*," an unruly child was threatened with: "If you don't behave, I'll call the *meica*."

Her hut was old like her, but well cared for, white, and surrounded by flowers. Everything from big cedars to Surinam cherry trees, from bland mallow to heady balm and mint, grew there in profusion. Inside, hanging from the beams, dried bundles of mysterious herbs from Brazil and Paraguay, with weird Guaraní or Portuguese-dialect names, made the house smell like a granary full of insect-ridden corn. People entered as quietly as they could and held their breath with fear and hope. It was the cave of the sibyl, the den of the sorceress. Jealous spirits watched over it.

On the pine table, which was covered with a brightly embroidered cloth, lay silver coins and even some glittering sovereigns, small and powerful, in an unguarded

JUANA DE IBARBOUROU of Uruguay is an outstanding lyric poetess of the Spanish language. The young U.S. painter ERIC VON SCHMIDT recently returned from Italy, where he studied on a Fulbright fellowship.



short story by **JUANA DE IBARBOUROU** Illustrated by **ERIC VON SCHMIDT**



pile. No one could possibly have stretched a greedy hand toward that money, a sore temptation in any other place. It belonged to the *meica*, perhaps to the devil. You went there in search of health, love, amicable arrangements with invisible forces. Never for money, a well-known invention of the devil.

The *meica* had accumulated her wealth little by little. She had beehives and milch cows, hens and fine watchdogs, a tar-black cat and magical birds that were necessary to her function as a healer of bodies and souls. From everything around her, she derived a profit. But with the honey she concocted syrups and salves that she often gave free to the needy sick, just as she gave them good milk from her cows and fresh eggs from her well-stocked henhouse. Very rarely did anyone thank her. And if her little farm was always well cultivated and yielded abundant harvests, it was because "patients" who could not pay her with money worked out the fees. The *meica* knew how to manage. She took, but she also gave; even so, the people thought her greedy. Her ugliness was terrifying and her aloneness mystifying. She had a stuffed macaw, an owl, a pampas cat called Francesca that was as wild as a jaguar, and a watchdog named Marco. The people did not understand any of this. Ordinarily, a fierce, striped cat would answer to the name of Tigre and a mastiff would be called Guardián or Compañero. Names and things that were beyond common comprehension were of the devil's domain. No one loved the *meica*; everyone feared her yet sought out her "science." But now that she was dying, stubbornly clinging to the last breath of life left in her, the people, not daring to enter the house, were praying for her.

"May God receive her soul."

"May God receive her soul."

"May God receive her soul."

The rainy night closed in. The priest appeared. Realizing they would soon be bereft of her help, the men and women knelt on the sodden, muddy ground. As he passed, the priest said solemnly: "You must pray for her."

And the supplications began anew.

"Our Father who art in Heaven. . . ."

"Hail, Mary, full of grace. . . ."

Someone lighted a candle inside the house. An old woman came to the door and said, as if she were disclosing a secret: "She cannot die. For five days she has been waiting for her son. Maybe he will come tonight. Later it will do no good."

The women spoke up.

"He is the only person she had left on earth, that ungrateful son. He never came to see her before."

"But he lives very far away, in the Sierra de Tambores, in Tacuarembó Department."

Another murmured: "My son sent him a telegram the day before yesterday."

"Yes," avowed an old man, "he must come. She has probably buried a lot of money, and she can't die this way."

"May God save her. Blessed St. Joseph make the son arrive in time. Her spirit could never rest if she dies and

leaves hidden money behind."

They tired of praying for the dying woman. Some left. When there was no more than a reflection of yellow light along the edge of the murky sky and deepening shadows were beginning to obscure shapes and outlines, a grizzled Negro, Juan Calvo, came panting up to the group.

"There comes the son, with a girl!"

His announcement stirred up a commotion. At a turn in the road that ran between thorny bushes a lantern and three dark forms came into view: the son, the granddaughter, and Pedro del Soto, the farmer who was leading them. They spoke to the people clustered in front of the house: "Good evening."

And they received the classic greeting in return: "May God and the Virgin Mary grant you a good evening."

When the door closed behind them, the group outside kept up a running commentary in low voices:

"The girl's pretty."

"The man's handsome. A rustic sort, but well off, obviously."

"The girl—"

A shriek, a fearsome cry, split the early night, passed overhead like a thunderbolt, and started the dogs on near-by farms howling. The men and women pushed forward, trampling each other, shoving against the door. It burst open, and the son, carrying the girl, who had fainted and was as limp as if she had just died, peremptorily waved everyone aside. He asked them to let him take her to the nearest house. A woman offered hers, just across from the *meica's*, and a man came up to help the father with his burden.

"What happened?"

"What's wrong with the girl?"

While he and the neighbor joined hands to carry the unconscious girl between them, the *meica's* son explained:

"I hadn't seen my mother since I was twenty and a bachelor. It seems that she was waiting for me, poor thing. We had hardly arrived when she opened her eyes and rose up in bed. When she saw her granddaughter she trembled, wanted to touch her, and, using the little strength she had left, began to talk: 'I, I, I! It is I coming again! I, I!' And she fell back, dead I think, God help me. Since she is so disfigured, María fainted from fright."

An old man, very old, said emotionally:

"Though it seems impossible now, Cándida was once young and really quite pretty. She looked a lot like the granddaughter. Surely she saw herself in the girl, as in a mirror. God has given her a good death. She returned to her youth to die." ♦ ♦ ♦



OAS

FOTO FLASHES



Elisabeth Shirley Enochs, Chief of International Technical Missions for the United States Commissioner of Social Security and president of the Directing Council of the American International Institute for the Protection of Childhood, responds to a citation for distinguished services in the international field, awarded in a ceremony at the Pan American Union by the National Council of Negro Women. Dr. Dorothy B. Ferebee, awards chairman, is on the left and Mrs. William T. Mason, President of NCNW, on the right.

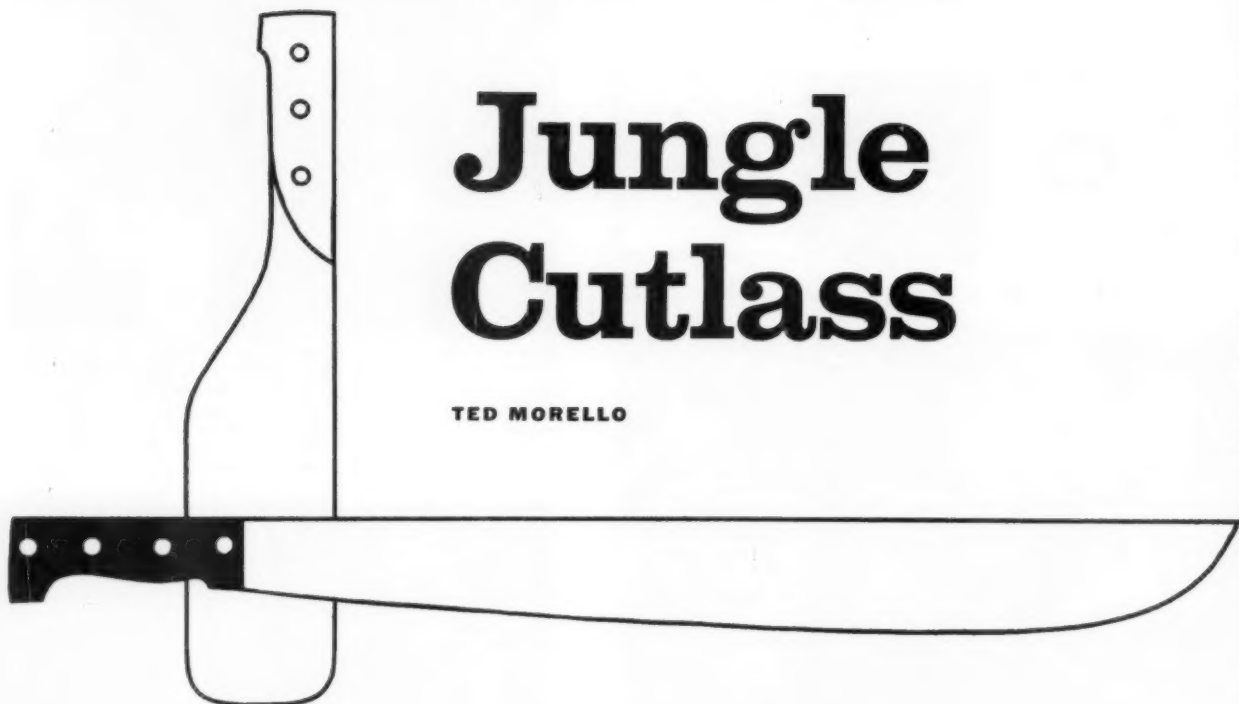
Dr. Mora gives certificates to officials from member countries' foreign ministries upon completion of their studies of the inter-American system under the PAU fellowship program. Countries represented included Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, Ecuador, and the United States. Dr. David Heft (fifth from right) is chief of the PAU Section of Educational Interchange.



One of Latin America's leading abstractionists, the Venezuelan painter **Humberto Jaimes Sánchez**, recently held his first one-man show in the United States at the Pan American Union. With him at the opening of the exhibition are Ambassador **Tito Gutiérrez Alfaro** (center), his country's representative on the Council of the Organization of American States, and **Dr. Juan Marín** (left), Director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs.



Dr. Luis Ponce Enriquez (right), Secretary General of the Eleventh Inter-American Conference, scheduled to be held in Quito, Ecuador, in 1959, presented OAS Secretary General **Mora** with a scale model of his country's new legislative palace, where the conference will take place. Looking on is **Dr. Gonzalo Escudero**, Ecuador's representative to the OAS.



Jungle Cutlass

TED MORELLO

WHEN A MAN goes out to buy a machete, he runs an exploratory thumb along its keen edge, weighs it in his hand for balance, taps the blade to hear the ring of the steel, breathes on its shiny surface, listens to its whistle as he slashes it through the air, and finally bends the yard-long knife into a bow to see whether it will spring back into a straight, true line. In short, the man of tropical America—whether farmhand, explorer, or guerrilla—chooses his machete as carefully as if his life depended on it. And it may.

The machete is a blade of a thousand uses, its versatility limited only by the ingenuity of the man who grips the handle. It is knife, axe, scythe, adze, scalpel, and broadsword. In a Guatemalan market a customer hacks the fibrous husk from a coconut, bores out the "eyes" with the machete tip, and spills the cool, refreshing milk down his parched throat. In a Cuban hut a cane-cutter—his machete wiped clean of sugar sap and the edge honed keen—scrapes at his whiskers as he prepares for a fiesta. In one place, the blade settles an old grudge. In another, it leaves a fer-de-lance writhing and headless. In a thousand forests, it carves back the growth that encroaches on a homestead, chokes a roadway, or conceals an archaeological treasure.

The machete is the Old World's gift to the New. Iron was unknown in the Western Hemisphere before the Conquest, and the indigenous Aztec sword of obsidian set in wood or the Inca blade of bronze only remotely approximated the long knife that was to become tropical America's dominant tool of peace and war.

Though its origin is obscure, the machete probably traces its ancestry back to the Roman gladius, the broad-

sword of medieval Europe, and the Moslem scimitar. The word *machete* was used in Spain as long ago as the sixteenth century to indicate a heavy, all-purpose knife shorter than a sword and longer than a dagger. It came to the Hemisphere as the fine Toledo blade, the symbolic instrument with which Columbus and later discoverers took possession of the New World, and then subdued and defended the lands they had conquered. Later, the treasure galleons of Spain drew to the Indies another fore-runner of the machete: the cutlass of the buccaneer. Raids on Spain's colonial outposts brought ashore—and often left there in a dead pirate hand—the seagoing sword that time was to beat into a plowshare of sorts.

Two early-nineteenth-century naturalists give a clue to this metamorphosis. In his *Wanderings in South America*, the Englishman Charles Waterton repeatedly refers to the "cutlass" when he clearly means the machete. And Alexander von Humboldt writes of the slaughter of young pelicans on a Cuban island by sailors "armed with great sticks and cutlasses (*machetes*)." By the time the independence of the Latin American countries had opened to world trade a continent comparatively recently emerged from the Stone and Bronze Ages, the machete was firmly established in much its present form.

Early in the 1840's, a seagoing Yankee trader fresh back from the Caribbean strode into a converted grist mill in the Connecticut village of South Canton (now Collinsville) and laid on the desk of Samuel Collins a hand-carved wooden model of a long knife. The mill housed the crude plant of an axe factory founded less than twenty years before by Collins, his brother, and his cousin. Could Collins—asked the trader—turn out a hundred, five hundred, perhaps even a thousand such knives for sale in the West Indies? Collins could, and

TED MORELLO is night telegraph editor and specialist on Latin American affairs for the New York World-Telegram and Sun.

the first machete to bear the trade mark came off the Collins anvils in 1845.

Today Collins dominates the Latin American market, accounting for some four million of the five million machetes sold annually in the twenty republics. The bulk of remaining sales is split among English and German manufacturers.

In terms of capital investment Collins, with total assets of less than four million dollars, remains a modest enterprise. Its operations still center at Collinsville, amid the rustic, oak-shaded New England hills. Here, in weather-beaten, barnlike buildings, some 365 employees turn out picks, axes, hoes, adzes, mattocks, hammers, hatchets, and other farming and cutting implements as well as machetes. The company opened a subsidiary plant in Mexico City in 1954, another in São Paulo two years later, and a third in Colombia last September.

But mere production facilities are dwarfed by the importance of the machete to tropical America, an importance that the consumers themselves acknowledge. They reacted swiftly, for example, when the wartime steel shortage threatened to choke off Collins' supply to the southern republics, which had already been deprived of competing brands from Europe. Latin American commercial attachés made urgent calls on the War

With single stroke of keen blade, skilled machetero cuts through stalk and drops stem of bananas onto helper's shoulder



Cleaver-like machete cañero is unusual type particularly suited to cutting sugar cane

Production Board, arguing that machetes were essential in keeping rubber, henequen, sugar, cacao, and other agricultural necessities flowing to the Allies. And only machetes, they added, could carve out and keep open the military bases on which the defense of the Hemisphere depended. As a result of these arguments, machetes received a top steel priority.

While the frantic reaction to the steel cut-off order may have stunned WPB officials, it was one that the humblest sugar- or banana-plantation worker could have foreseen. A serious shortage of machetes could cripple whole agricultural industries. It would take a major technological revolution, for example, to replace the sixty thousand machetes that the United Fruit Company buys annually to harvest its banana crops.

Even in competition with modern technology, the machete holds its own. At the Tibú petroleum fields on Colombia's Venezuelan frontier, a giant bulldozer snorted and clanked, toppling great trees and scraping a raw wound in the earth as it pushed a new road through virgin forest. But to cut the lianas that threatened to foul the machinery or to chop away the supple branches that lashed at him, the operator carried his machete—sheathed in a handsome, tooled-leather case—slung beside him. On its sugar estate at Paramonga, Peru, W. R. Grace & Company tried to speed harvesting by introducing mechanical cane-cutters that had been used successfully in Florida and Louisiana. But on Grace's coastal plantation, where the stands of cane grow thicker and taller than in North American fields, the wall of green stopped

the machine in its tracks. Defeated, the mechanical cutter was shipped back to the United States. The machete stayed on.

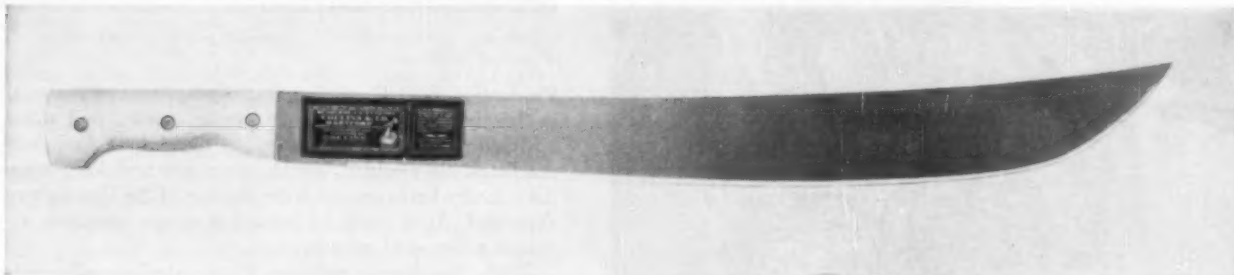
Tastes vary widely and unaccountably in machete design. Collins alone manufactures more than three hundred models in catering to job needs or to nothing more tangible than the whim of customers. Tradition more than anything else seems to govern choice. Thus a model enormously popular in one country may be unwanted, for much the same use, in another. And selecting the right machete for a specific job certainly does not mean that it will be used only for that job. Nevertheless, there are two basic designs. On a sugar plantation, the cutter would probably use a version of the *machete cañero*, a stubby, cleaver-like knife adapted to biting through thick cane. For jungle use the multipurpose *machete de monte*

The word *machete* has passed into the English lexicon with its original Spanish spelling but a variety of pronunciations, ranging from the Hispanic "mah-chay-tay" to "mah-chett," "mah-shett," and "muh-sheet." The Spanish language itself has been enriched by a variety of related forms: *machetero*, a machete user; *amachetear* or *machetear*, to cut or wound with a machete; *machetazo*, the blow of a machete.

The machete is also woven deep into the literature of the American tropics. It could not be otherwise. As soon as a boy is big enough to lift the outsized blade, the machete becomes a prized toy. In the field or jungle, strapped to his side even on the rare occasions when he walks the fashionable streets of the capital, often within arm's reach when he sleeps, it is with him throughout his life. And he may well die with it in hand.



Two of the more than three hundred styles in Collins catalogue. Insignificant differences between them are all-important to customers



—three feet long, pointed, and narrow-bladed—provides the added reach and flexibility needed for trail-clearing, camp chores, and personal defense. Some styles are tipped with a hook for suckering cane.

The handles may be of wood, plastic, horn, or bone; these last, often superbly carved, make a machete equivalent to an officer's dress sword. The blades are of a special carbon steel, which undergoes its supreme test when the prospective buyer arcs the blade to the snapping point to try its flexibility. Some have a natural finish, others are more or less highly polished, and in some regions of Colombia chrome or nickel plating is demanded. In Puerto Rico a vermillion-painted blade is popular, though non-utilitarian.

Virtually all buyers insist on a blade that rings with the clarity of a middle-C tuning fork, a demand met by tightening the rivets in the handle to produce the desired tone. The habit of cutting a vicious swath through the air with a new machete and listening to the pitch of the whistle is largely ritualistic and, in any case, a matter beyond the designer's control.

Within half a dozen lines of the opening of *Ciro Alegria's* powerful Peruvian novel *El Mundo Es Ancho y Ajeno* (*Broad and Alien Is the World*) occurs a symbolic drama in which the machete figures prominently. A snake that has crossed his path glides away "too fast for the Indian Rosendo Maqui to get out his machete. By the time the blade of steel gleamed in the air, the long burnished body of the serpent was slipping away into the bushes by the roadside. 'What an ill omen!'" It is, indeed, for the serpent's escape from the avenging knife foreshadows the evil that is to haunt Maqui and his people throughout the book.

In Rómulo Gallegos' Venezuelan classic *Doña Bárbara*, the machete emerges as a symbol of *caudillismo*—the rule of the "man on horseback." For, in the hands of the swaggering *Ño Pernaleta*, the machete is a scepter.

The Colombian author José Eustasio Rivera, in his semi-autobiographical novel *La Vorágine* (*The Vortex*), casts the machete almost wholly as an instrument of brutality: "We trained our guns on him and Franco rushed down, machete held high"; "shielded his head

with his arms to ward off the blow he expected from my machete"; "sharpened the evil blade of his machete on its leather sheath"; "We tear each other with fists and machetes."

Many chronicles of exploration, discovery, and archaeology pay tribute, directly or obliquely, to the debt that these undertakings owe to the humble tool. Thus, writing in *Through the Brazilian Wilderness* of the famous Roosevelt-Rondon Scientific Expedition down an unknown Amazon affluent in 1914, Theodore Roosevelt says: "For an hour we went through thick jungle, where the machetes were constantly at work." And again: "... the two or three leading men kept their machetes out and had to cut every yard of our way while we were in the forest. . . ." In an appendix, Anthony Fiala, who assembled the equipment for the expedition, advises simply: "Each man should be provided with a belt knife and a machete."

More detailed counsel is contained in *Practical Hints to Scientific Travellers*, a handbook distributed by the American Geographical Society. After assuring the reader that "a machete for every man of the expedition is useful," the author adds: "The long and narrow Collins machetes with sheaths . . . are not found in Ecuador. Instead, machetes with broad blades, which do not fit into any sheath, are sold. As sheaths are indispensable . . . one might . . . have a strip of a broad-bladed one cut off by a blacksmith and a special sheath made."

In 1911, archaeology made a giant stride forward by following a trail hacked up an Andean ridge by *macheteros*. It was in that year that Hiram Bingham redis-

covered, after more than four hundred years, the lost city of Machu Picchu, last stronghold of the Incas. But discovery was not conquest. A year later Bingham returned to Peru at the head of a reinforced expedition to undertake what he called "the discouraging task of chopping down the entire hardwood forest which stood on the city. . . ." Today the ruins stand fully exposed to visitors to this wonder, thanks in part to—as Bingham described it in *Lost City of the Incas*—"the final cutting, made in ten days by a gang of thirty or forty Indians moving rapidly with sharp machetes."

Though this descendant of the scimitar and the broadsword has never been fully domesticated—traditionally it is a tool-weapon, the transformation from one to the other requiring no more than a change of circumstance or mood—the machete is essentially a builder rather than a destroyer. The ill-starred Madeira-Mamoré railroad of Brazil, the Panama Canal, the jungle- and mountain-isolated landing fields that rocketed Latin America into the air age—in these and a host of other projects that have changed the face and future of the Hemisphere, the machete accompanied the building crews. In the years to come, engineers will link the two Americas by pushing the Pan American Highway through Darien, will build busy cities around the nuclei of isolated villages in the Chaco and Mato Grosso, will tame the awesome Amazon wilderness. And after their giant construction machinery has lumbered off to new tasks, the machete will stay to keep back the jungle that always seeks jealously to reclaim what it has yielded reluctantly. ♦ ♦ ♦

Four of five million machetes sold annually in Latin America are Collins'. Vice-president L. B. Hough with multipurpose machetes de monte





View of Aparecida do Norte, on Paraíba River in São Paulo State, Brazil, goal of pilgrimages

Town of miracles

APARECIDA DO NORTE is a Brazilian town born of a miracle. The story goes that in 1717 the Portuguese Count of Assumar was traveling from São Paulo to Minas Gerais and had to spend the night in the village of Guaratinguetá, on the banks of the Paraíba River some 130 miles northeast of the present São Paulo state capital. All fishermen in the area were alerted to provide plenty of fish for the Count's table. Three of them—João Alves, Domingos Garcia, and Felipe Pedroso—who had paddled downriver for about ten miles without any catch, were growing discouraged, when suddenly they felt something heavy in their net. It was a headless clay image of a saint. Further on, when the net yielded the head of the image, the fishermen realized that this was a statue of





The miraculous Madonna occupies a place of honor in the Basilica

Our Lady. After that, their catch was so plentiful that their fragile canoes almost capsized under the weight.

Felipe Pedroso took the image home. One miracle followed another. Twenty-eight years later, on the shore opposite the spot where they had come upon it, he and his two companions founded a town named after the "appeared" statue (for this is the literal meaning of the word *aparecida*, which, incidentally, also became a common feminine name).

Perched on the hilly banks of the Paraíba, some two thousand feet above sea level, Aparecida has grown to a sizable town of ten thousand. It is a regular stop for trains on the São Paulo-Rio route and can also be reached by bus. It is best known for two famous shrines: the small chapel at the spot of the find and the newer Basilica, atop the highest hill, where the statue is now housed. To this church come the faithful from all over Brazil and even from neighboring countries to see the miraculous Madonna, now considered Brazil's patron saint. Some make the steep ascent on their knees, either to obtain a favor or in gratitude for one already received.

Photographs by **PETER SCHEIER**



Truckload of pilgrims attracted by Madonna's healing powers

On religious holidays whole families sleep in the streets for lack of better accommodations





Church gates are always open to welcome the afflicted



Sometimes the devout make the ascent on their knees



Many deposit snapshots taken before or after their healing



The cured pile up their crutches, supports, and artificial limbs



Miracle House, near Basilica, keeps testimony of wondrous healings

The Virgin's ornate altar bears many valuable gifts and pictures from those who have been granted their requests. Hundreds of votive offerings in the form of crutches, supports, corsets, and artificial limbs have been left by the lame and twisted who came to pray and walked away straight and unassisted.

The constant stream of pilgrims taxes the facilities of the town's forty or so hotels and pensions to the point where, on religious holidays, some visitors have to spend the night huddled on the sidewalks. Aparecida's peddlers and photographers also do a flourishing year-round business, for every visitor wants his picture taken and a medal, a rosary, or a copy of the beloved image to take home.—B. S. M.



Sale of medallions, crosses, rosaries, and other mementos flourishes



Business booms among local photographers all year round



NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

CIRO ALEGRIA, the distinguished Peruvian novelist, who writes a regular column for the Havana daily *Alerta*, firmly believes that "the best anecdotes . . . are the true ones," with no embellishments by the teller. The following are two of several such stories that he recounted in a recent column:

"Enrique Gil Gilbert of Ecuador, Cecilio Carneiro of Brazil, and I were seated in a box in Constitution Hall in Washington watching a performance. With us, as a sort of guide, was a young woman who worked at the Pan American Union. The box was provided especially for us, and the young woman was assigned to us. It was early in 1941, and we three were the object of much attention, since we had just won a literary competition held by a New York publisher. We were having a high time and, I think, even came to look upon ourselves as important people. At least, the papers were treating us as such. That evening . . . a boy about ten years old came to our box and very politely asked us to sign his autograph book. . . . Smugly, because he had recognized our stature as writers, Gilbert signed, Carneiro signed, I signed. The boy thanked us even more courteously. The young woman from the Pan American Union said to him: 'Congratulations for knowing that these gentlemen won the novel contest and for wanting their autographs.' Quickly the child replied: 'I didn't know that. . . . My aunt's hobby is analyzing signatures, and she pays me ten cents for every new one I bring her.'

" . . . Dr. Leo S. Rowe, who for so many years headed the Pan American Union, was known as much for his stories and witty remarks as he was for his important position in Washing-

ton diplomatic circles. . . . I once mentioned my difficulties with English, and Dr. Rowe, as usual, was reminded of a story. . . . As a youth, he had gone to Europe, where he studied at a number of universities in various countries. . . . He received several doctorates and learned to speak Spanish, French, Italian, and German fluently. I think that a few dead languages rounded out the list. On his return to the United States, he was quite proud of his doctorates and his languages. . . . Visiting an institution for the mentally retarded . . . , Rowe the linguist commented: 'It will take a lot of work before these poor morons learn anything.' To which the director replied: 'Don't you believe it. They have a remarkable facility for languages.'

BREAD, BUTTER, AND JAM

WRITING in the popular Brazilian weekly magazine *Manchete*, Leon Eliachar wryly analyzes six components of Rio traffic:

"The taxi is the only vehicle that does not travel miles; it travels cruzeiros. And for every cruzeiro it travels, the driver wants to charge two. Therefore, passengers hate the taxi—but that doesn't matter, because the taxi hates *them* even more. . . . The taxi is always ready for war; the minute the driver lowers the flag, the battle is on. . . .

"The train is so slow that it is already old when it reaches its destination. . . . The only fast thing about it is the doors, which open and close so rapidly that they usually squash half a dozen passengers. There are various kinds of trains, but the most valiant of all is the one that runs between Rio and São Paulo. It crosses bridges, woods, rivers, tunnels—and it's a rare day when it doesn't cross another train.

"The boat is the poor man's bridge from Rio to Niterói—while the Prefecture puts off the decision about building a tunnel. On rainy days, coming from Niterói, it calmly continues into the Praça da Bandeira, taking advantage of the high water. The boat moves so slowly that it seems to have stopped, but when it stops it bounces around so much that it seems to be moving.

"The streetcar is the cheapest means of transportation in Rio, because the fare increases only after a strike. It is also the oldest, slowest, and commonest. It doesn't move and doesn't let anyone else move. Speaking to the motorman and smoking in the first three rows of seats are forbidden, but actually you never have the chance to do either—the motorman is not in sight and the first three rows are always full. The best you can do is to push people aside, find a corner, and balance first on one foot, then on the other. The streetcar is the most privileged of all vehicles—it always has the right of way.

"The private car is perhaps the most victimized by Rio traffic. To get anywhere, it must dribble against the jitneys, flee from the busses, skitter over and around the potholes. And when it finally gets where it's going, there's no place to park. . . . The driver tries to squeeze in between two other cars, and when he finally succeeds, after quite a struggle, the place turns out to be a garage. He tries again up the street, but that's a taxi stand; then down the street, but that's the Ministry. He decides to go back home. He is hit once—and doesn't argue, but only so that he won't be hit again. Finally, he calls the towing service and has the car taken to the shop—where, happily, there is no space problem. And that is where the car stays most of the time.

"It is said (and if no one says it, I say it now) that in the event of war Brazil should not use tanks but jitneys. . . . The jitney destroys anything in its path: automobiles, posts, trees, and walls. It is afraid of only one thing, another jitney. They go dueling through the streets, not against each other but both against the same pedestrian—to see which can hit him first. The jitney does not make a trip for less than four collisions, two on pur-

pose and two unintentional. It used to be hard to catch a jitney, but today they wait panting at the theater exits. Despite all this, there is one unquestionably good thing about the jitney: it is the humorist's bread and butter."

GOOD NEWS

AN EDITORIAL in a Buenos Aires daily, *Clarín*, looks to a brighter future for Argentine books:

"A recent order of the Mexican Ministry of Finance has just opened that country's market to Argentine-published books. Reciprocally, Mexican editions will be available in Argentina. The agreement, similar to the one between Mexico and Spain, provides for a free market, with no exceptions. . . . Thus, works published in the two countries will sell at lower prices and in greater numbers.

"The cultural importance of this order is unquestionable. As merchandise, books are in a class by themselves. . . . Anything that will give them wider distribution will be an effective step toward enriching the moral fiber of both nations. If this is indisputable, so too is the material consequence . . . , which has a direct bearing on . . . the income of thousands of people. The opening of the Mexican market is like a timely hypodermic injection for our book business, which has been more or less at a standstill. However, even if this brings about an improvement, it does not mean that the problem of rising prices has been solved—far from it. . . . Many factors, beginning with

"It's odd, since Olga's so fat, that she likes to weigh herself." "Yes, but she always uses that broken scale."—El Mercurio, Santiago

VIBORITA

Por Pepo



printing, enter into the high cost of books. . . . For one, abrupt fluctuations in the price of paper hinder organized planning, eliminate all possibility of sound investment, and . . . put books in the luxury category. This problem is basic and calls for . . . promotion of paper production here in Argentina and consideration of special exchange rates for importing it. . . .

"Another thing that interferes with the distribution of Argentine books is the diversity of laws in the American nations. In Mexico, for example, when any person verifies, through an accredited public agency, that a book is out of print, permission to reprint is automatically granted, regardless of the country of origin. Because this undoubtedly affects Argentine publishers, they must face the problem squarely. The time has come for consistent legislation that would serve as mutual protection for all. These variant laws, together with the frequent lack of coordination among authors, publishers, and distributors, . . . often leave Argentine books in a defenseless position and lose us important markets that have not been easily won in the first place. . . ."

"PLATEAUS" IN MEXICO

LIKE THEM OR NOT, television quiz programs seem to have become an integral part of the American—hemispherically speaking—way of life. In the weekly Catholic magazine *Señal*, which is published in Mexico City, Roberto Cuéllar Salas writes along a familiar line:

"Fame came to Miss Josefina López Volante—'Tía Pina,' as she is affectionately known to the television audience—at the age of sixty-five, when she least expected it. Suddenly her peaceful life as a librarian was turned topsy-turvy. The telephone jangled constantly, and letters poured in from strangers all over the city and the state. . . . All of this resulted from her appearance on *El Gran Premio de los \$64,000* to answer questions on 'famous Spanish novelists from 1890 to 1910,' the period, in her opinion, of the most outstanding authors.

"Tía Pina . . . is a self-made woman. She was the daughter of well-to-do parents who opposed her taking a commercial or technical course in school. In 1910 she received her grammar-

school diploma from the then President, Porfirio Díaz, in a ceremony at the old Arbeu Theater. Shortly afterward, she enrolled in the Conservatory of Music to study voice. That was in the time of Huerta, and with the emergence of Carranza, Zapata, and Villa, the schools were closed, and Tía Pina's scholastic career came to an end. Hard times followed, and she and her sisters had to go to work for a living. Tía Pina took charge of two Catholic libraries, where she still works. She is not ashamed to admit that she needs money and that this was what prompted her to go on the program. . . ."

PUBLICITY HOUNDS

"WHAT are the necessary ingredients of a news item?" asks José R. Castro in an article in *Honduras Rotaria*, monthly publication of the Honduran Rotary Clubs. "How many elements should be mixed into a lively, interesting eight-column, front-page spread? Many people besides journalists know the answers. Publicity-seekers all over the world and throughout history have done extravagant things simply to attract widespread attention.

"To gain publicity, something the North Americans do so very well, people will resort to almost any trick. Couples get married in a cage of lions or in a swimming pool. . . . Actresses advertise for husbands or lead scandalous lives to satisfy the public's voracious appetite for shocking news. To arouse the curiosity of others, the human imagination runs wild. . . .

"The most out-of-the-way places on earth often become, as if by magic, the best known, because of some extraordinary event. . . . Before December 7, 1941, few people had ever heard of Pearl Harbor, but the Japanese attack dramatically focused worldwide attention on it. Before the first atomic bomb was dropped, Hiroshima was virtually unknown. Not many knew where Bikini was, before the U.S. nuclear tests there. . . . Small towns where great men were born go down in history. Obscure people whose children attain eminence also become famous. . . .

"Not long ago, no one, or certainly almost no one, knew an inconspicuous man who lived in Paris under the

name of Hugo Villegas. But this vagabond wanted to make the front page of the world press. . . . So Hugo Villegas did something that no one in full possession of his faculties would have dared to do. He went to the Louvre . . . and hurled a rock at the Mona Lisa. . . . The next day his name was on the front page of newspapers all over the world and his picture was right beside Leonardo da Vinci's. It was the only way that this insignificant man could link his name to those of famous people. It will be some time before the furor dies down, because now newspaper men will begin to weave stories about him, to poke into his past (which was of no interest before), and to study the different facets of his distorted mind. . . .

"Men of much power and little culture are given to the ridiculous when seeking publicity; they wear shiny tin crosses and decorations and have their pictures taken in Napoleonic poses. . . . Wealthy, idle women are always good for an article by scribes who detail the delightful color of their shoes, the fragrance of their corsages, the firmness of their organdy gowns, and anything else that will appeal to human vanity. . . ."

WOMEN, BLESS 'EM

"DON NABOR" has troubles, which he explains in a letter to Hernán García Fonseca, editor of *El Turrialbeño*. His plaintive, tongue-in-cheek missive, with more than an element of truth in it, appeared recently in the Turrialba, Costa Rica, paper.

" . . . Just when I was finally settling down to write you a few lines, Cleta came in to give me a bawling-out. Would you believe it? At our age, Cleta is jealous. It's all the fault of one Isolina, who lives here in our neighborhood, and it began the day that Dr. Aguado came to lecture at the school. . . . That evening the wind sent the river on a rampage that threatened to wash us away. A nervous neighbor was telling us what awful things could happen when we heard a wild shrieking. This lady and my wife fell to their knees . . . and began to pray as fast as they could, lamenting that the final judgment had caught up with them without confession. But there was no such calamity. The one

raising all the racket was none other than this Lina, who was bleating like a heifer at branding time. . . . Like a good neighbor, I rushed over to console the wailing woman. I had no sooner got to her door than she threw her arms around my neck and cried, 'Save me, Don Nabor. Dear Nabor. Nabor, my love. The river will carry us off.' To calm her down, I said, 'Don't worry. While I'm here, not even the Devil could carry you off.' 'But if the river carries us both off, what will we do?' the silly girl screamed. 'Well, we'll both drown,' I said. Now, Cleta saw and heard everything, and from that time to this, nobody has been able to stand her. I don't think she can even stand herself.

"When the waters receded a little, I tried to explain things to her. But she was wallowing in self-pity and didn't want to understand. Who knows what devils had got into her head? I told her, 'Look, Cleta, if I had said what I did to Lina without a flood, you'd have every right to be angry. But I said it to her in a flood.' Nothing. . . . Then I told her, 'Look, Cleta dear, you have to consider the time and the place. . . . After looking at things calmly and reasonably, then a person can have his say and even get angry if need be. But going off half-cocked . . . doesn't make sense. It just gets everything more confused. Lots of times whether things are good or bad depends on where they're done. For example, Cleta dear, if I— No, better not me. If some other man touches a girl, even her arm, in the street, he'll get hit on the head, at least. . . . And what wouldn't the people watching say? Now, if this fellow, the same cad, in a ballroom, asks the same girl to dance to a calypso piece, nothing would happen. . . . He could touch the girl more than Manuel does his flute. And if her grandmother and mother were watching, they'd both be happily smiling from ear to ear. . . . See the difference?"

"I went on explaining to my dear little wrinkled wife: 'If a fellow borrows, rents, or buys a car and meets up with one of those silly girls that are more plentiful than flies in Turrialba, and who are delighted by cars, more than by the owners or drivers, she might get in the jalopy and go

riding with him to heaven knows where. . . . If she meets the same fellow flying a kite, she doesn't even take a second look. And if he dares to make a flattering remark, well— But the thing is, whether he's in a car or on foot makes the difference. Don't you see that, Cleta dear?"

"All this and a lot more I told my wife . . . , but in vain. One look she gave me singed my eyelashes. . . . Dear Cleta was still jealous, and my logic had made no impression. Then, very slowly, I got up . . . and said, 'I'll be back. I'm going to buy cigars.'

"Outside, still mulling over the incident that had upset my happy home, I began to walk aimlessly through town. . . . What with the cool night air and the company of my cigar, it was quite a while before I returned. . . . I opened the door quietly . . . and bounded, as lightly as a mountain goat, between the covers. The next day I woke up sane but not at all safe. The old lady was in a terrible humor. Pray that this thing will go no further, Hernán, and ask any reader who has had the same trouble to come and try to convince my Cleta."

GRAPHICS CREDITS

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Inside
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ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 37

1. Second largest. 2. Huipil. 3. Carlos Mérida. 4. The Mayas. 5. Coffee. 6. Marimba. 7. The fifth. 8. Alta Verapaz. 9. Dyed sawdust and flowers. 10. Alvarado.

KNOW YOUR GUATEMALAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 36



1. A picturesque land of lakes and volcanoes, Guatemala has an area of 42,042 square miles. Is it the largest, second largest, or smallest of the Central American countries?

2. Guatemala is one of the few American countries where native costumes are still worn for everyday activities. Is this woman's blouse called a *huipil*, a *perraje*, or a *tocoyal*?



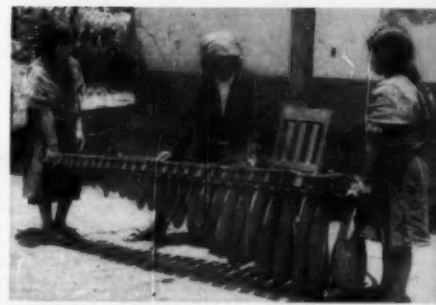
3. Modern painting by a famous Guatemalan artist who won a prize at the recent Fourth Biennial held in São Paulo. Can you name him?

4. Carved monolith discovered in Quiriguá antedates the Spanish conquest. Who made it—the Aztecs, the Mayas, or the Incas?



5. The girl is picking berries of a crop that is the basis of Guatemala's national economy. What is the product?

6. Although of uncertain origin, this musical instrument is usually associated with Guatemala. Is it a xylophone, a marimba, or a clavichord?



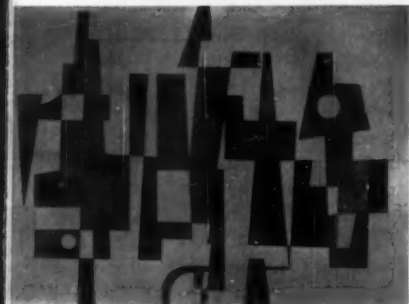
7. Shopping center in Guatemala City, the modern capital. Is this city the second, third, fourth, or fifth capital of the republic?

8. The Lanquín caves, located in central Guatemala, are considered one of the natural wonders of the Americas. Are they in Alta Verapaz, Petén, or Belize?



9. Streets in Antigua are handsomely carpeted for Holy Week processions. Are the rugs made of wool, cotton, or dyed sawdust and flowers?

10. The Palace of the Captains-General was the headquarters of Pedro de ———, conqueror of Guatemala. Can you complete his name?





BOOKS

RECENT U.S. LITERATURE

Reviewed by Hubert Herring

The distinguished monthly *The Atlantic* celebrates its centenary with *Jubilee: One Hundred Years of The Atlantic*. Into its ample pages are packed articles, stories, and poetry which have appeared in that magazine since 1857. Edward Weeks and Emily Flint have done an admirable job of selecting and editing this fascinating mass of material. If any friend of mine, from Buenos Aires, London, São Paulo, or Paris, were to ask for one volume that would introduce him to the intellectual history of the United States for the last century, I would hand him this book. Here he would meet Lowell, Emerson, Sandburg, Holmes, Whittier, Thoreau, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Wilder, Riis, Mahan, Marquand, Hemingway, Faulkner, Frost, Benét, William James, and scores of others who have shaped the thought of the Republic. It is exciting, thoughtful, and altogether interesting from the first page to the last.

Miguel Covarrubias' beautiful book *Indian Art of Mexico and Central America* is an item for the collector, the student, the artist. It is only a few months since the sad word came of the death of one of the best loved and most admired of Mexican artists; and it is hard to write about his "last book." He knew so much about primitive people, he had delved so intelligently into archaeology, anthropology, and ethnology. His was so sensitive a mind and soul, his pen and brush and pencil were so skillful, that all who knew him or knew his work feel a sense of

bereavement. This volume is a worthy successor to his *Mexico South*, *The Island of Bali*, and *The Eagle, the Jaguar, and the Serpent*. His chapters on the various civilizations of Middle America are all finely done. His chapter on "The Olmec Problem" is a splendid contribution on the shadowy culture to which the name Olmec is attached. The excellent text of the book is beautifully supplemented by the author's plates in color and the many line drawings. The album of photographs adds further interest.

Two recent books on Russia deserve attention. Isaac Deutscher's *Russia in Transition* has some superlative essays on recent phases of Soviet politics. I can think of no one who writes more penetratingly and with more grace of Stalin, Trotsky, and Khrushchev, and who has more sound sense on the nation that is the chief troubler of the world. And then there is Frederick L. Schuman's *Russia Since 1917*, a brilliant summary and analysis of all that has happened since the day the Czar was overthrown. Schuman's work on Russia has always been stimulating, but this latest book is so mature, so well balanced, and so expertly written as to make it a joy for the reader who is trying to find his way through the mass of conflicting reports from Moscow.

We all enjoy books of pictures. Here are two on America—North and South. H. Mann's *South America*, with 241 photographs and five color plates, is an admirable introduction to the mountains, the cities, the villages, the varied peoples of a continent. It is the best possible way for the prospective visitor to South America to gain some sense of the manifold loveliness and charm of all the ten republics of the South. Then, for the United States, the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* have collected in *The Face of America* highly satisfying photographs of city streets, country vistas, buildings, churches, forests, lakes, and all the rest of the northern republic.

It is always a pleasure to have a new book on Spain from the sensitive pen of Gerald Brenan. That brilliant Englishman moved to Spain after World War I and has been there most of the time ever since. His *Spanish Labyrinth* and *The Face of Spain* were among the most trenchant accounts of what happened to Spain before, during, and after the cruel Civil War of 1936-39. In his *South from Granada*, Mr. Brenan describes his eight years in the little village of Yegen—south from Granada. His friends were the simple villagers, and he shared their



life. His account of their births, loves, deaths, feasts, religion, superstitions is detailed and perceptive. The fullness with which they accepted him tells much about the man.

There are some excellent new books in English on Latin America. John A. Crow's *Mexico Today* offers a superb introduction to that beautiful republic, rich in reminders of Indian and colonial days, and pulsing with new energy. The finest chapters in the book are devoted to portraits of typical communities: Tepic, a mestizo town in which the transition from primitive days to modern life is well illustrated; Guadalajara, where "the colonial past comes to new life in the industrial present"; Nahualtepec—a name that the author invents to stand as a symbol of all the Indian villages; Mexico City, growing riotously; Monterrey, "Mexico's answer to Pittsburgh."

William P. Tucker's *The Mexican Government Today* is a scholarly account of the way in which executive, legislative, and judicial agencies function. This book is largely for the serious student, as is Vernon L. Fluharty's *Dance of the Millions*, which gives the sobering story of what happened to Colombia under military rule and dictatorship. It is admirably thorough and useful for all who would understand the slow and painful steps toward democracy. In the same class of books for specialists on American problems is Robert J. Alexander's *Communism in Latin America*, a detailed analysis of the growth of Communist groups in Chile, Brazil, and elsewhere. It will commend itself to sober observers by its exact data and lack of hysteria.

The latest important book on Franklin Delano Roosevelt is Rexford G. Tugwell's *The Democratic Roosevelt*. Rexford Tugwell, a member of FDR's "brain trust," was very close to the President and had a large share in shaping the earlier policies of the New Deal administration. Out of his intimate relation with FDR, and with the family of the President, he casts much new light on the personality of the man. His account is especially strong in its interpretation of FDR's childhood and formative years. The book is too long, too repetitious, and the reader will occasionally be annoyed by Mr. Tugwell's claims for credit in the making of decisions. He deserves the credit, but he lacks modesty. All the same, this is an important and able volume.

A beautiful and important book is *The Tropics*, by Edgar Aubert de la Rue, François Bourlière, and Jean-Paul Harroy. With text and eighty photogravure plates, sixteen color plates, and thirty-four color photographs, it brings to life with fine artistry the people and the lands of South Asia, Africa, Central America, French Guiana, Ecuador, and various other spots.

Two volumes on the art of the United States merit praise. Alexander Eliot's *Three Hundred Years of American Painting* presents 250 illustrations in full color covering the development of painting. Here we find beautifully reproduced works of Whistler, Sargent, Cassatt, Inness, Henri, and many others. Another first-rate study is *New Art in America*, edited by John I. H. Baur and others. Its fifty-five color plates and 177 black-and-white illustrations give much of the best of John Sloan, George

Bellows, Grant Wood, Edward Hopper, Andrew Wyeth, and others of the twentieth century.

Will Durant's *The Reformation* is the seventh volume in his colossal "The Story of Civilization," and is, as always, a top-notch job of making history live. Durant has been scoffed at as a popularizer, has been damned for over-simplification—and the verdict is more or less just. But he can write, which is more than can be said of many who turn out books on history. When, in talking about the fourteenth century, he remarks that "a natural death was a disgrace that no man could survive," he tells rather more of truth than many another. Furthermore, Durant knows how to make his characters come to life, so that his readers can know them and live with them. Samples of his skill in portraiture in the current volume are his paragraphs on Wyclif, Joan of Arc, Calvin, Catherine de' Medici, Henry VIII, Suleiman the Magnificent, St. Teresa of Ávila, Rabelais. The professional historians may quarrel with Will Durant over some of his interpretations, but I venture that Durant has as much to teach the professors as they have to teach him.

I found Bernard Wall's *The Vatican Story* a pleasant and fruitful introduction to the citadel of the Roman Catholic Church. He writes as a Catholic, with all candor and much devotion. He can admire St. Peter's in all its wealth of mass and artistry, but he can laugh at the heavy monuments, and ask why the latest popes should be burdened with such piles of masonry. He writes: "What an effort . . . for the Popes to push up such gigantic objects so as to rise from the dead on the Day of Judgment. There seems some conflict between the Roman cult of the tomb and the Franciscan cult of the lily in the field."

There are two books on life in the United States that merit attention. George Fuernmann's *Reluctant Empire* concerns itself with Texas. Almost all Americans find Texas a joke: its vastness, its new wealth, its enthusiasm—sometimes the laughter over Texas is touched with envy. But when a Texan newspaperman can join the laughter, and poke pleasant fun at his own state, it proves that the Texans are growing up. The result is a delightful book. Thomas Henry Tibbles' *Buckskin and Blanket Days* is the very personal story of a man who a hundred years ago, as a militant young abolitionist, was caught by pro-slavery ruffians in Kansas and sentenced to be shot. He got away and lived fifty years in the Very Wild West. He finally wrote down his memories of frontier days, Indians, and cowboys. His book will be eagerly read by those who find that disorderly period of United States history exciting.

Walter H. C. Laves and Charles A. Thomson have given us, in *UNESCO: Purpose, Progress, Prospects*, the first full-length account of what this organization means, and should mean, in the development of world concern for better education, fuller intellectual sharing between the peoples of the earth. It is not a popular book, but it will be of interest to all serious students of one of the most important facets of United Nations activities.

Hubert Herring, a professor at Claremont Graduate School in California, is AMERICA'S literary correspondent for the United States.

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SOUTH FROM GRANADA, by Gerald Brenan. New York, Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1957. 282 p. \$4.00

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THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN PAINTING, by Alexander Eliot. New York, Time, Inc., 1957. Illus. \$13.50

NEW ART IN AMERICA, edited by John I. H. Baur and others. New York, New York Graphic Society in cooperation with Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., 1957. 280 p. Illus. \$22.50

THE REFORMATION, by Will Durant. New York, Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1957. 1025 p. Illus. \$7.50

THE VATICAN STORY, by Bernard Wall. New York, Harper and Brothers, Inc., 1957. 247 p. Illus. \$3.95

RELUCTANT EMPIRE: THE MIND OF TEXAS, by George Fuernmann. Garden City, Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1957. 281 p. Illus. \$4.00

BUCKSKIN AND BLANKET DAYS, by Thomas Henry Tibbles. Garden City, Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1957. 336 p. \$4.50

UNESCO: PURPOSE, PROGRESS, PROSPECTS, by Walter H. C. Laves and Charles A. Thomson. Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 1957. 469 p. \$7.50



In a recent ceremony at the Pan American Union, a morocco-bound copy of Volume V, "The Americas," of the monumental *Times Atlas of the World* was given to the OAS by Sidney Kramer, a Washington bookseller who is handling the distribution of this special presentation edition. With Secretary General José A. Mora (center) and Mr. Kramer (left) is Frank Dyckman of the Houghton Mifflin Company, U.S. publishers of the atlas. Below: Frontispiece of the volume, which is now on display in the Columbus Memorial Library

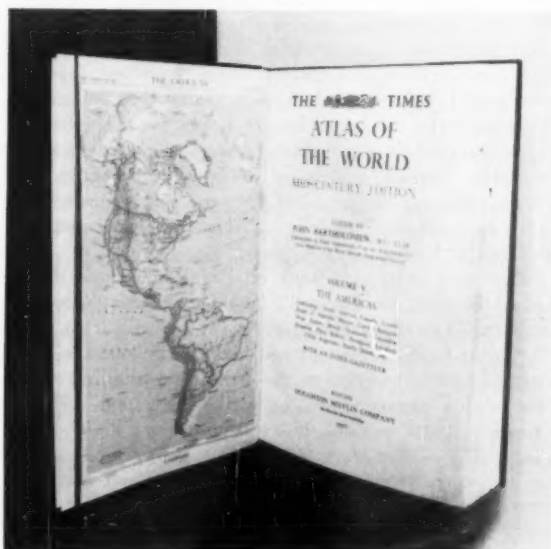


IMAGE OF BRAZIL

A MADONA DE CEDRO, by Antonio Callado. Rio de Janeiro, José Olympio, 1957. 254 p.

Reviewed by William L. Grossman

Recently I asked a member of the Brazilian delegation to the UN whether the unity of Brazil was merely political or whether there was some distinguishing personal characteristic that the vast majority of Brazilians had in common. He replied that there was: a certain underlying religiosity. It is interesting in this connection that in a recent book, the well-known Brazilian writer Vianna Moog selects as the symbol of what is best in Brazilian character (as he selects Lincoln to represent the best in U.S. character) the religious sculptor O Aleijadinho

(1730-1814), who carved images of saints with instruments tied to his hands after leprosy had rendered his fingers useless.

At the turn of the century, both the answer and the symbol might have been thought a little far-fetched. Since then, however, Brazil has produced a curious and voluminous literature of self-revelation, in which the nation, with an almost desperate intensity, has tried to find its own roots, its own soul, the secret of its own strength and weakness. *Os Sertões* (1902, published in English as *Rebellion in the Backlands*), by Euclides da Cunha, is said to have discovered Brazil to the Brazilians. Works by Gilberto Freyre, Paulo Prado, and others have turned the spotlight of sociological and historical research or of devastating critical analysis on the formation and nature of Brazilian character. As a consequence of these revelations and, indeed, of the soul-searching effort itself, many have come to suspect that the ultimate object of the national *saudade* is, like Aleijadinho's character, something both religious and heroic. (*Saudade* is a term whose untranslatability Brazilians often remark with satisfaction. In its principal sense, it suggests bitter-sweet yearning for something previously possessed.)

Only in the light of this development can the hard-won, profound authenticity of Antonio Callado's fiction be understood. In his brilliant first novel, *Assunção de Salviano* (The Assumption of Salviano), Mr. Callado related the religious conversion and martyrdom of a man of heroic mold. In *A Madona de Cedro* (The Cedar Madonna), he has set himself a harder task. Again using a heroic concept of religious achievement, he nevertheless chose as his protagonist a nonentity, a conformist, a little man named Delfino.

In Congonhas do Campo, a religious center in the state of Minas Gerais, Delfino has a little shop where he sells soapstone objects, including statuettes of the saints. One day a spectacular theft of holy images, master-minded and financed by a wealthy Rio man named Juca, takes place

in the churches of several towns. In Congonhas do Campo the stolen object is a statue of the Virgin by Aleijadinho, and Juca's pawn, who does the job because he needs money to get married, is little Delfino. Juca, a strange, self-willed man, wants these things not for gain but for possession. Thirteen years later he induces Delfino, by threats of exposure, to return the Madonna and to try to steal in its stead a statue of Judas (also by Aleijadinho) that bears a curious resemblance to Juca.

Upon secretly returning the Madonna, Delfino finds himself trapped in the church. The Easter processional crowd is coming to take the coffin containing a statue of the Lord. To avoid discovery that might connect him with the return of the Madonna, Delfino removes the statue of Christ and hides in the coffin. His grueling ride in the procession, with the crown of thorns on his head, leaves him physically and spiritually shaken. He tells his wife everything. More horrified by the episode of the coffin than by the theft of the Madonna, she utterly rejects him. This leads ultimately to a full confession by Delfino to the priest, who imposes as a penance the carrying of an immense cross—borne two hundred years ago by a Brazilian holy man in the midst of gold-hungry adventurers—up and down the steep streets of Congonhas do Campo. The physical agony, the public ridicule, and finally a glimpse of Aleijadinho's statue of Judas-Juca and a deep feeling of the monstrosity that it represents, help Delfino to attain an experience of atonement and of new life.

During the penance, one of Delfino's tormentors cries in a falsetto of mock-sympathy: "Such a tiny little fellow with such a great big cross!" A crowd of children takes this up as a rhythmic chant and it is, in a sense, the central theme of the book. Without so great a cross Delfino could not have achieved the stature of which he was capable. In the development of this and other themes, the thoughtful reader will find a rich feast. The profundity of the book, however, is inseparable from its narrative. As in his first novel, the author tells an absorbing story with beauty and with an irresistible combination of simplicity and subtle depth. No preaching, no didacticism, no psychiatry.

Antonio Callado, who is now editor of the Rio de Janeiro newspaper *Correio da Manhã*, spent several years in England as a radio broadcaster. Perhaps there is a trace of British influence in a certain wryly humorous detachment with which he sets off the compassion and spiritual insight that distinguish his work. The result is warmth without sentimentality, thoughtfulness without solemnity.

So far, Callado is known to U.S. readers chiefly through his literary letters in the *New York Times Book Review*. If these readers are never permitted to see English versions of his novels, U.S. publishers, with customary want of discernment regarding Brazilian fiction, will have deprived them of a rare and delightful experience.

A professor at New York University and a regular contributor to AMERICAS, William L. Grossman spent four years in Brazil and has translated several Brazilian works into English.





Mexican piñata provides fun for all at Pan American Day fiestas

"DEDICATE the Day to the Inter-American Way!" Rallying to this slogan, civic leaders of cities throughout the Hemisphere are mobilizing their communities to commemorate on April 14 the sixty-eighth anniversary of the association now called the Organization of American States.

In 1930 the American republics designated April 14 as Pan American Day, to be observed "as a commemorative symbol of the sovereignty of the American nations and the voluntary union of all in one continental community." Since then, the observance of the day has expanded into a celebration of Pan American Week in countless cities, towns, and villages.

Both the day and the week (April 14-20) will be observed this year in each of the twenty-one American republics by presidential proclamation or legislative enactment. Similarly, governors and mayors will officially proclaim this anniversary.

You and your community are invited to take part in this great "continental community" celebration and thus to strengthen the bonds of friendship that unite 355,000,000 Americans. For those seeking guidance, we offer some basic program pointers and brief résumés of a few of the thousands of outstanding celebrations held last year in various countries:

(1) Start early by organizing three key committees: the *Organizing Committee*, composed of one representative of each major group in the community; the *Program Committee*, to plan, coordinate, and schedule the various ceremonies and special events; and the *Publicity Committee*, headed by a local editor or radio-TV official and including people experienced in writing press releases, radio announcements, and the like.

(2) Invite the participation of all major groups and

institutions in the community and have them represented on your committees: schools and colleges, churches, clubs, city officials and civic leaders, libraries and museums, press and radio-TV, and business, professional, and labor organizations. Where there is an active Pan American league, council, or club in the community, this group usually plays a leading part in organizing the program.

(3) Canvass your city, college campus, or both for resources and talent and invite the following people, when available, to take an active part: students, professors, businessmen, and diplomats and consuls from the other American republics; travelers or former residents of sister countries who can speak, show films or slides, and exhibit coins, handicrafts, and the like.

(4) Make a special ceremony of the issuance of the

PAU broadcasts special programs during Pan American Week



pointers for Pan American Day

mayor's Pan American Day and Week proclamation as the "kick-off" of your community celebration.

In Lakewood, California, the annual Pan American Festival of Friendship stems from a handshake between two people over a back-yard fence twelve years ago—a school teacher and a Bolivian-born missionary, who dedicated their efforts to making all Americans closer and better neighbors. As a result, Pan American Park was dedicated in 1946, followed by the Festival each year since; bonds of friendship are established with a different Latin American country each year. Highlights of last year's festival included: (1) A three-hour, three-mile-long parade headed by film and TV star Leo Carrillo on his famous horse Traveler. Among the eighty-five entries were twenty-two bands, seventeen equestrian units, and scores of floats. Junior Chamber of Commerce members served as drivers. (2) The Exchange of Flags Ceremony, conducted in Pan American Park by Bancroft Junior High School students, who each year exchange national emblems with a different Latin American country—in 1957, with El Salvador. (3) "Pan American Queen" of the festival was a young woman from El Salvador, sharing honors with "Miss Pan American Festival Hostess" of Lakewood. (4) The Lions Club sponsored an essay contest on Pan Americanism. (5) The Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Corps acted as official musical "hosts." (6) Folk dances were performed. (7) A live telecast brought the entire Festival into the homes of thousands beyond Lakewood's limits.

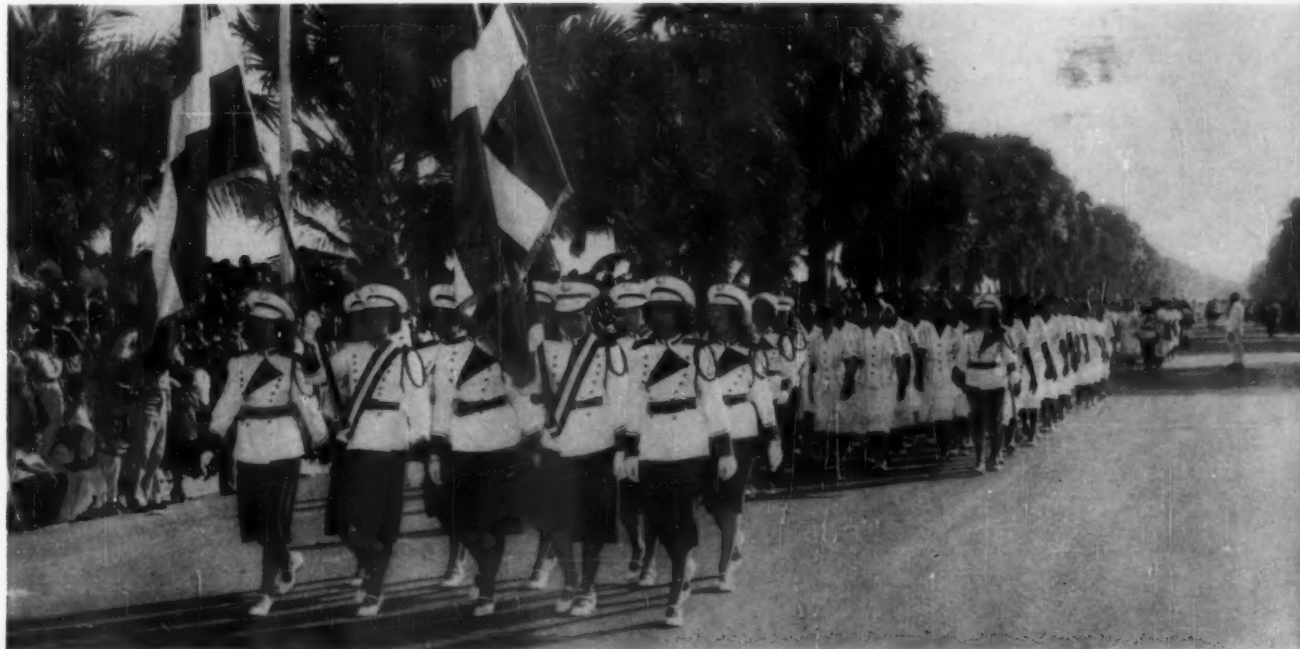
In Latin America, as in the United States, national and local government officials cooperate with civic, cultural, and private organizations to make Pan American Day and

Week a truly "continental community" celebration. Specially prepared material is distributed in several countries by directors of the offices of the Pan American Union, who give valuable help to all interested groups.

Rio de Janeiro inaugurated Pan American Day with a diplomatic ceremony in which flags of the twenty-one republics were raised on the Avenida das Nações Unidas at Botafogo Beach. The Bank of Brazil exhibited coins of the American countries and its staff held a Pan American party. On April 14 the Post Office Department used a special commemorative imprint for canceling postage stamps, making them a collector's item. Special observances were held by the Rotary and Lions Clubs, the Pan American Clubs of Brazil, the Brazilian Education Association, the Institute of Geography and History, the Paulista Press Association, and many others. Press, radio, and TV provided effective coverage, and the magazine *Nordeste* of Recife dedicated its April issue to Pan Americanism. School and cultural programs included essay and debating contests, art festivals, and literary and dramatic presentations on Pan American themes. Afterward, a short documentary newsreel of the principal Pan American Week events was shown in movie theaters throughout the country.

In Ecuador the ministries of education and foreign affairs pointed up the significance of the sixty-seventh anniversary of the OAS in the schools and on the radio. In five leading cities of the country, including the capital, the main streets were renamed Avenida de las Américas. Municipal libraries made an important contribution by setting up information centers, where Pan American Union publications were made available.—*Lyn Manduley*

School children of Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, parade through the capital bearing flags of the American republics





Letters

PERU POINTS THE WAY

Dear Sirs:

... I have just received the Special Youth Issue of AMERICAS [November 1957, English], which I have read with the utmost pleasure. I have great hopes for the work the OAS and AMERICAS can accomplish on behalf of Western Hemisphere youth. For those of us engaged in similar tasks, it is encouraging to see that an organization like yours realizes the need for supporting youth movements with special programs. . . .

The Coordinating Council of Peruvian Youth Organizations, established in 1955, comprises twelve national youth groups, and since 1956 has been affiliated with the World Assembly of Youth. . . . As you know, WAY tries to encourage the young to study their own needs and responsibilities, to call attention to them, and to learn how to meet them throughout the world by cooperating with national volunteer organizations. . . . Recently, the Council held its first national assembly, with the participation of some two hundred delegates from all over the country. The assembly studied the problems and activities of youth organizations—including such particular groups as students, rural workers, young women, writers, and artists—and their relations with the government.

The Peruvian Government has shown marked interest in the youth movement. The Ministry of Education has created a "Commission to Study the Problems of Youth" as an initial step toward establishment of a permanent consultative body. . . .

Luis Felipe Mejia Lizarzaburu
Secretary General
Coordinating Council of Peruvian
Youth Organizations
Lima, Peru

ANOTHER LANGUAGE

Dear Sirs:

In the October "Letters to the Editors" section, Mr. Francis Wickes questions the practicality of Interlingua outside the Romance-language countries. I submit that modern science and technology, predominantly Occidental in origin and concept, have carried a comprehensive Greco-Latin vocabulary to every corner of the globe. . . . Consequently, our only practical source of words for an international language is the Anglo-Romance group. . . .

Theoretically, it would be possible to con-

struct a completely neutral "universal" language. . . . It could be done by inventing arbitrary symbols, devising a completely logical grammar, and borrowing phonetics from all living languages. Such a language would be immeasurably difficult to learn, and this difficulty would increase in direct ratio to neutrality. Language planners have long since abandoned this idea as impractical. . . .

It seems reasonable to assume that extensive, exhaustive research over a period of thirty years . . . by many specialists in various fields has produced in Interlingua a language eminently practical for international communication.

Eugene B. Stephens
Galt, California

FOR SALE?

Dear Sirs:

Is there any additional information available regarding the one-man helicopter pictured with the article "Work Horse of the Air" [December English]? Is this model made for the public or just for the armed forces?

Fred F. Holsten
New York, New York

Pending acceptance by the Navy of the "Rotocycle" that was pictured on page 7, the Gyrodine Company of America is planning a two-seater version for the commercial market. To reduce weight, it will probably be powered by a gas turbine engine. Kellett Aircraft Corporation of Willow Grove, Pennsylvania, and Hiller Helicopters of Palo

Alto, California, are also developing one-man helicopters, but so far only for the military. The Igor Benson Helicopter Corporation, at the Raleigh-Durham Airport in North Carolina, sells two do-it-yourself kits, for assembling a glider-type helicopter (this costs about four hundred dollars) or one powered by an engine. For either, the owner must acquire an experimental certificate from the Civil Aeronautics Authority.

Dear Sirs:

I was very much interested in your article about Herminio Salinas [December English]. Since I expect to be in Mexico some time in February and would like to purchase a guitar from him, I would very much appreciate your sending me his address.

Sidney D. Josephs
Cleveland, Ohio

Cuadra Medellin No. 15, Mexico City.

SEMANTICS

Dear Sirs:

H. Allen Smith has found his answer [to the question of why Mexican children are so well behaved] in the word "security" ("Mexico's Model Children," November 1957). A young Mexican student who shared a table with us in a dining car on a Mexican railroad found his answer in the word "poverty." To me, his only experience with poverty had been in his use of the dictionary. My answer is found in the word "persecution," and this is not intended as a detraction. I enjoyed Mr. Smith's article.

Odon L. Owen
DeLancey, New York

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses and be able to write in at least two of the official OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

Luisa Amaral Costa (E.S.P.)—C
Avenida Camilo de Holanda 1353
João Pessoa, PB, Brazil
Egle Cecilia Pastore (E.S.P)
Caixa Postal 5102
São Paulo, SP, Brazil
Carmen R. H. Nichols (E.S)
37 E. Division Street
Chicago 10, Illinois
Maria Graciela Monsalve S.
(E.S.F.)—H
Maipi 759
San Carlos, Chile
Fred Schuhmann (E.S.German)*
—C
711 Revere Avenue
New York 65, New York
Karl E. Hoeger (E.S.F.German,
Danish, Swedish)
323 Bancroft Street
Azusa, California
Gladys Hernández (E.S)
Calle C s/n
Reparto Rosario, La Habana,
Cuba

Mara Sofia de T. Zanotto
(E.P.F.)—H
Rua Coronel Fonseca, 204
Botucatu, SP, Brazil
Miguel Angel Diaz y Villegas
(E.S.)—H
Trujillo No. 156
Guines, Feia, de la Habana, Cuba
George D. Randolph (E.S)
RFD 3, Box 229-B
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Patricio McDermott (E.S)
2196 Valentine Avenue
Bronx 57, New York
Kitty M. Restrepo (E.S.F,Italian)
Carrera 32 No. 22-75
Tuluá, Valle, Colombia
Lidia Ebi Follén (S.F)—C
25 de Mayo 380
Concepción del Uruguay, Entre
Rios
Argentina
Rubén José Luraschi (E.S.P.F,
Italian)*—H
Lalajeja 225
Salto, Uruguay

H. Noda (E.S.German,Esperanto)
26, Shimizucho
Nishinomiya, Hyogoken, Japan
Betty Schneeweiss (E.S)
Guipúzcoa 433
Punta Carretas, Montevideo, Uru-
guay
Conrado Cutiérriz Mancera (E.S)
Avenida Huasteca 112
Mexico 14, D.F., Mexico
Rafael Zapata T. (E.S)
Fátima calle 32-c No. 61-10
Medellín, Antioquia, Colombia
Mary Frances Moore (E.F)
171 West Fourth Street
Mansfield, Ohio
José Ruiz Berlanga (E.S)
Calle Maestro Bartolomé
"Barrio San Pedro"
Ubeda (Jaen), Spain
W. Janse (E.S.Dutch)
Landlouwstraat 58
Amsterdam, Holland

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.



PAN AMERICAN DAY APRIL 14

*Dedicate the Day
to the Inter-American Way*

The Organization of American States invites you to join in the continental observance of the Inter-American System's 68th birthday on this all-American Day, celebrated by the 21 republics of the Western Hemisphere.

PAN AMERICAN WEEK—APRIL 14-20

For free planning aids, write to:
OFFICE OF PUBLIC RELATIONS
Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C.

PAN AMERICAN UNION
Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.



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